Saturday Review

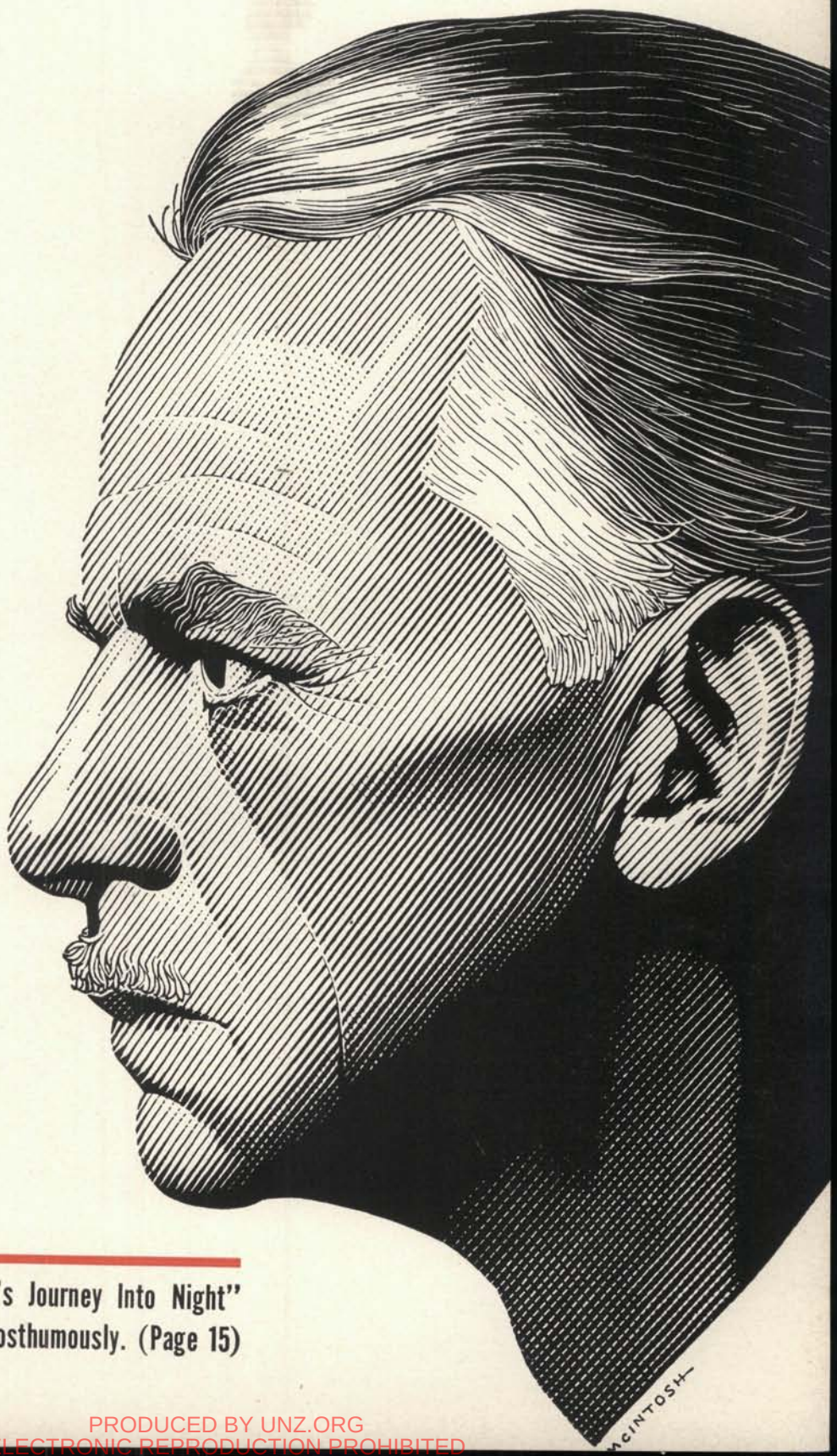
FEBRUARY 25, 1956 / 20¢

RECORDINGS

VASHINGTON: A
IRTHDAY REMINDER
y John A. Perkins

ERSHWIN:
ARADOX IN BLUE
y Abram Chasins and
ving Kolodin

HE LATEST ON
HE FLYING SAUCER



gene O'Neill, whose play "Long Day's Journey Into Night"
s just been published and produced posthumously. (Page 15)

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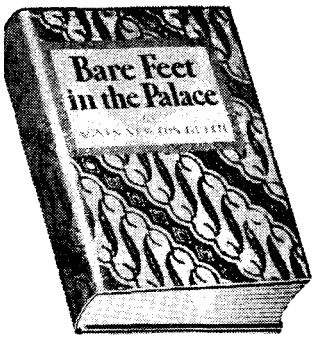

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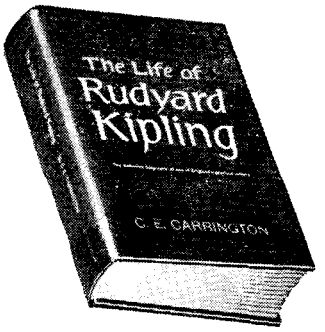

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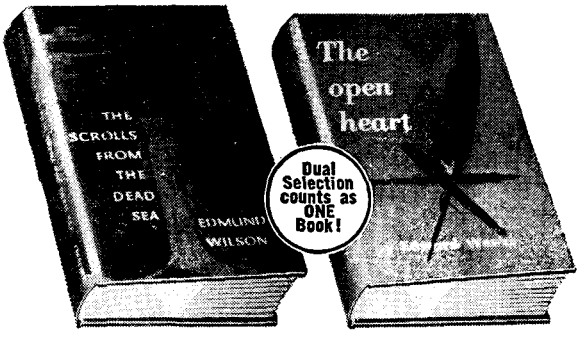

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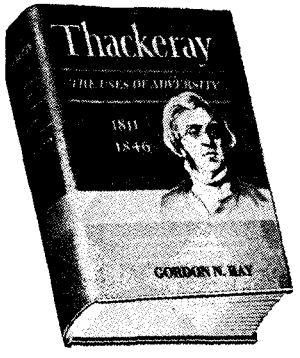

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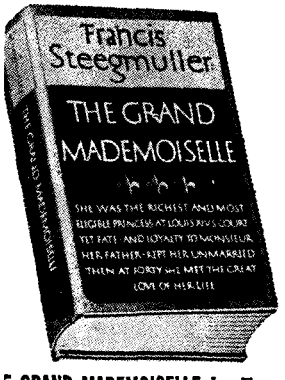

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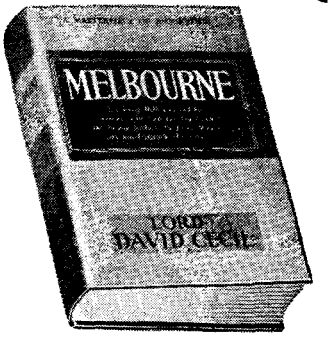

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In 1955, Americans used more electricity than ever before in history—a record high of 547 billion kilowatt-hours.

This is over 40% of the world's entire production of electric power.

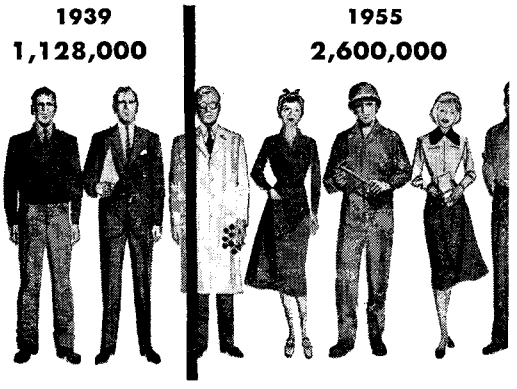
And yet, in eight to ten years, we believe the nation will be using twice as much electricity as it does today.

The electrical industry has planned ahead for this growth; more than 2,600,000 people are already at work—in producing electricity and in designing, manufacturing or selling the products which generate it and put it to use. And thousands of others help supply this industry with the materials and services necessary for growth. General Electric alone has over 40,000 suppliers.

On these pages are some of the reasons why we think the electrical industry will provide more jobs, better products, and a higher standard of living for everyone in the years ahead.

GROWTH OF ELECTRICAL EMPLOYMENT

(Includes estimated employment in utilities, electrical manufacturing, electrical contracting, in the electrical wholesale and retail trade, and in electrical service and repair.)



If you would like us to send a copy of our 1955 Annual Report, with an account of our preparation for the future, write to General Electric, Dept. 2E-119, Schenectady, N. Y. Your copy will be sent to you early in April

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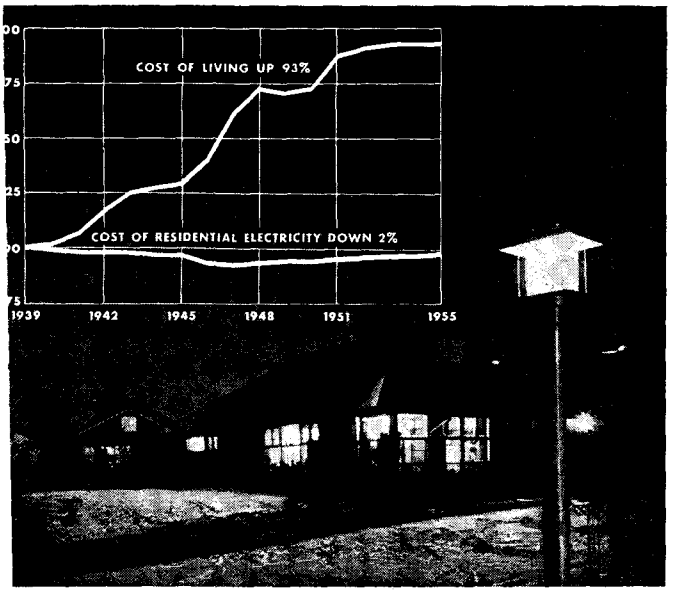
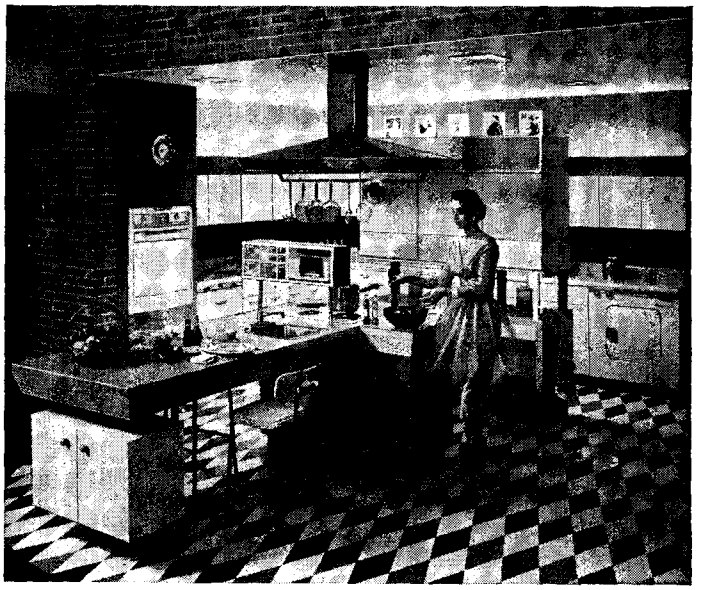
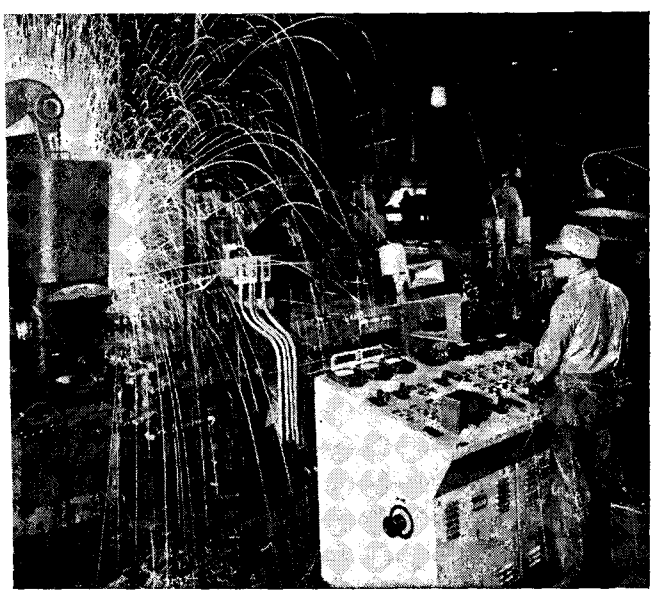
;ets from electricity can double by 1965



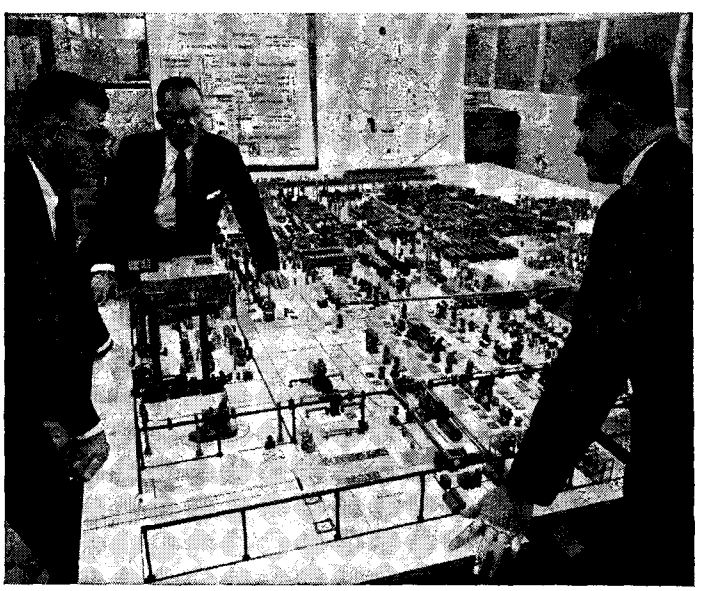
ctricity is "Today's Greatest Bargain." A dollar today buys ı more electricity than it did in 1939. Is it any wonder that the ·age U.S. family now uses more than three times as much electric er as it did then? To help make this possible, General Electric's t efficient turbine-generators today produce twice as much elec- ty, per pound of fuel, as most power plants a few years ago.



Today's electrical products forecast tomorrow's. G.E.'s "Liv- ing Kitchen" above is an example. More than 70,000 General Electric people are already at work on new types of products we didn't make 15 years ago. And the company, along with the rest of the industry, will continue to make a substantial investment in research and engineering—seeking new ways to make electricity more useful.



ricity will work harder in industry. By 1965, the average facturing worker can have at his command electricity equal to uman energy of 500 strong men—34,000 kilowatt-hours a year. xtending the productive arm of working men and women, ic power makes possible jobs requiring skill and judgment— create new industries and greater employment opportunities.



The electrical industry is planning for the future. As a part of this industry, General Electric has invested more than a billion dollars in new plants and equipment since World War II. In the next three years, the company expects to spend another $500 million to prepare for continued electrical progress—progress that will be shared by customers, share owners, employees, suppliers and the nation.

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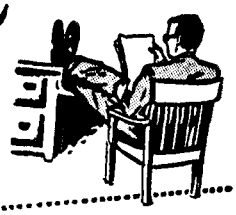

I can't believe that people around the country really care about the attention being given the current woes of the New Haven railroad. (It's the line's misfortune to have many news editors among its patrons.) But since the subject keeps coming up in the newsmagazines, I'd like to say a word in behalf of the railroad.

I have been using the New Haven daily for two years, and have been seriously late only once. Riding comfortably and smoothly, I have read many books, some of the most recent of which are:

"Over the River Charlie," by Lew X. Lansworth (Doubleday, $3.95), a comic opera set in Paris of the 1870's. I guarantee you've never read anything quite like this unusual first novel.

"The Writer Observed," by Harvey Breit (World, $3.75), a collection of interviews with writers by the book columnist of the *New York Times*.

"The Letters of John Keats," selected by Lionel Trilling (Doubleday, 95¢), one of thirteen Anchor Books published this year.

"The Report on Unidentified Flying Objects," by Edward J. Ruppelt (Doubleday, $4.50), the authoritative book which tells the casual reader (like me) what this flying saucer business is all about.

"Secrets of Taking Good Pictures," by A. A. Knopf (Hanover, $2.00), an excellent book for the novice photographer.

If my trains hadn't been on time, I'd have got much more reading done. Maybe I'd better complain to the management.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

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The Saturday Review

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THE
RIGHT
TO
LIFE

By A. DELAFIELD SMITH
Assistant General Counsel
Department of Health,
Education and Welfare

OUT OF HIS long career of pul lic service, *A. DELAFIEL SMITH* has distilled a new ph losophy of social and legal respor sibility to the individual. In h much acclaimed book, Mr. Smit shows where our present progran in education, health and soci welfare fail to meet today's r quirements—and what we must d to develop an intelligent, realist program for the future.

"The Right to Life . . . should l read and pondered by all who a concerned about the freedom ar the welfare of the individual our society. It affords a fresh ar new approach to these problen by one who has thought and po dered deeply and has written fro a rich background of philosoph law, and social work. I am su that readers will do justice to t author only if they bring to t questions he raises the best their own thought and experien and test his interpretations their own insight and understan ing."—**KATHARINE F. LENROC** ***Chief, Children's Bureau, Was ington, D. C.***

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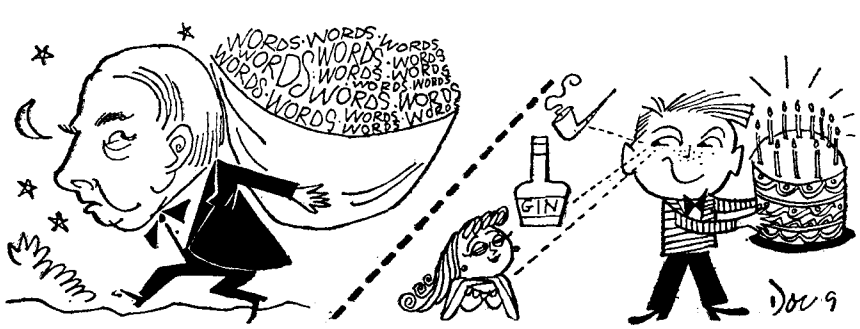
TRADE Winds

HOW TIME FLIES! Over five full years have gone by since Sinclair Lewis died in a hospital in Rome lonely, unhappy, and thousands of miles from the friends he cherished most.

Rupert Hughes adds to the Lewisana so lovingly collected into book form by Harry Maule and Melville Cane ("The Man from Main Street"). Writes Mr. Hughes:

> In the flood of remembrances of Sinclair Lewis I have seen no reference to a sensational episode that filled all the newspapers at the time: the picturesque occasion when two leading American candidates for the Nobel Prize clashed at a big dinner and the winner of the prize, Sinclair Lewis, was resoundingly slapped in the face twice by the loser, Theodore Dreiser.
>
> The slap resounded around the world; but I have never seen it described in detail. And I never heard anyone quote Sinclair Lewis's amazing, yet somehow typical, comment. Future biographies ought to have a record of it.
>
> During the wifedom of Dorothy Thompson, Theodore Dreiser was accused of copying from her several whole pages without giving her any credit whatever. This was in his book modestly entitled "Dreiser Looks at Russia" (1928). It was not the only time that he was accused of wholesale plagiarism. About this time a prominent Russian novelist (whose name escapes my wide-meshed memory) visited this country, and Ray Long gave him a big dinner in a private room at Delmonico's. After the dinner Dreiser made a savage attack on America and praised the Communists of Russia to the skies. He was answered angrily by Eugene Lyons and others.
>
> Sinclair Lewis had been wandering about like a ghost, and when Ray Long called on him for a few words he remained standing, wavering a bit; for he was plainly pretty well spifflicated. He said something to this effect:
>
> "I don't want to speak. I don't want even to sit at the same table with Theodore Dreiser. He is the greatest American novelist. He ought to have had the Nobel Prize they gave to me. But he is a common thief. He stole 3,000 words from my wife without giving her credit."
>
> Then he wavered away into another room while the thirty guests sat stunned. Dreiser said never a word. It was agreed and solemnly pledged that we would never mention this appalling incident outside that dining room. So, of course, it was all over town within an hour, and all the morning papers gave it a display.
>
> The dinner broke up soon; but a few of us lingered to talk things over. Suddenly William C. Lengel, then assistant editor of the *Cosmopolitan*, came up to a group of us and breathlessly told the sequel to Sinclair Lewis's after-dinner thunderbolt. Bill said:
>
> "As I was passing through the coat room I saw 'Red' Lewis leaning on Theodore Dreiser, and I heard him say again:
>
> " 'Theodore, you are the greatest American novelist. You ought to have had the Nobel Prize they gave to me. But you are a common thief. You stole 3,000 words from my wife without giving her credit'."
>
> Bill went on: "At that, Dreiser brought up his hand and slapped Red in the face with all his might.
>
> "Red merely shook his head, recovered his balance, and said: 'Theodore, I repeat: You are the greatest American novelist. You ought to have had the Nobel Prize they gave to me. But you are a common thief. You stole 3,000 words from my wife without giving her credit'.
>
> "Then up came Dreiser's big hand again, and nearly slapped Red's head off. Again Red shook his head, regained his balance, and began his chant anew."
>
> At this point, as Bill told it, Dreiser's hand started up for a



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third haymaker; but Bill caught the hand, dragged Dreiser aside, begged him to consider Red's condition, got his hat for him, and put him in the elevator.

When Bill turned around Red had disappeared, and Bill came in to tell us of this sufficiently startling encounter of our literary giants. He had barely finished, when Red wambled up to us and said one of the most amazing things I ever heard anybody say. He said to Lengel:

"Bill, hereafter—when Theodore is slapping me—I'll ask you not to interfere."

THERE IS ANOTHER interesting anecdote concerning Sinclair Lewis in Ethel Barrymore's "Memories," made more timely by the report that Hollywood, at long last, is planning to film "Elmer Gantry":

"I stayed in the same Kansas City hotel in which Sinclair Lewis lived while he was getting material for 'Elmer Gantry'," relates Miss Barrymore. "On the way to my apartment I would have to pass the open door of his. It was always crowded with ministers of every denomination whom he was bullying in the hope, I suppose, of extracting something for his book. He would stride around the room, pointing a finger at one of them after another and saying, 'You know you don't believe in God.'

"They all seemed transfixed except one little Catholic priest who said, 'Sit down, my son, and don't blaspheme.'

"That silenced Red for a moment. Then he said, 'Will you have a drink, Father?'

" 'I will,' said the priest."

OTHER RECOLLECTIONS: Herman Woul whose "Marjorie Morningstar" bid fair to outsell even his earlier tri umph, "The Caine Mutiny," aspire at the outset of his career to be a ga writer for radio shows. His first bos helped him change his mind by as suring him, "Now, Herman, all w want from you is a real boffola fro time to time. Here's the kind of yc to strive for: the comedian says, 'I an artist. I paint men and women.' Th straight man echoes, 'Men and wome eh?' Then the comedian slays the by saying, 'That's right. 'Men' on o door; 'Women' on the other.' Get it' Herman Wouk got it all right. H resigned on the spot. . . . Still ha and hearty when he celebrated h eightieth birthday, George Moore, th famous Irish novelist, was asked by reporter, "To what do you attribu your continuing good health and r markable clarity of thought?" Moo replied cheerfully, "It's because never smoked, drank, or touched

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E. R. Breech

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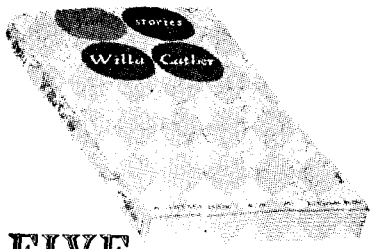

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"From the memorable day in 1919 when Willa Cather came quite unheralded into our small offices at 220 West 42nd Street to offer me *Youth and the Bright Medusa* until her death in 1947, it was my privilege to be her friend and publisher. She was a great lady and a superb writer. She had, however, both as a person and an artist, little in common with most writers of today. Her standards were those of another age (I think of Henry Mencken as I write this) and I doubt that a great many of the young are now reading her. She felt that good books (and she included hers) were worth what they cost and frowned on cheap reprints. She believed the young should read her because they wanted to and not because a course at school or college required them to, so she forbade text book editions of her work. But had she lived to see them, I believe she would have welcomed today's superior paper backs. And since Edith Lewis, her literary executor, agrees, *Five Stories* now appears as a Vintage book. Four of the five are well known; the fifth has never before appeared in book form. And for good measure is added a long (nearly forty pages) essay—and a very perceptive one indeed—by George N. Kates on her unfinished Avignon story, one which had engaged her deep interest for many years, but which somehow she never finished."

ALFRED A. KNOPF

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girl—until I was almost eleven years old." . . . Sports expert Dan Daniel recalls a mean practical joke that was played on Paul Gallico not too long after his graduation from Columbia. Paul's name is a household word today, but as a budding sportswriter he couldn't even get into Tony's speakeasy without Bob Benchley to identify him. Certainly, Jack Dempsey, then heavyweight champ of the world, hadn't heard of him. So when Gallico announced his intention of invading Dempsey's training camp at Saratoga in 1923 (the champ was getting ready for his fight with Firpo, "The Wild Bull of the Pampas") and boxing a few rounds with him to make an unusual feature story, prankish trainers soon were able to convince Dempsey that the burly visitor was an up-and-coming heavyweight contender hoping to catch him off-guard and clobber him." A merciful veil will be drawn over what happened thereafter.

IN A RECENT TRADE WINDS column Joan Bohrer contributed a poem about a snicket who went a-snizzling, then asked readers to provide a happy ending (using words beginning with "SN"). Here are a few responses:

From Irving Fisher, of New Haven:

Said the snibbler to the snicket:
"Since you snook me with your
snout,
I'm no snudge and won't snape,
Snig or snup—so leave the
sneck-string out."

From Robert Litch, of East Orange:

The snibbler calmly sneeshed,
"I meant no sneb for thee.
"I'll sneck my snib in sooth,
And we shall snackled be."

From J. T. Kilmer, of Panora, Iowa:

The snibbler snite and snobbed,
For snack his love was born;
He smouched the snicket smush—
They wed one snelly morn!

And snat should be enough of snat!

THE BUSINESS at a recent booksellers' conclave all had been attended to, and while the delegates settled down to some serious drinking of ginger pop the orchestra struck up a lively air.

Suddenly, however, the local Sigmund Spaeth detected an irregularity in the rhythm. "We're a bit off the beam this evening, aren't we, old boy?" he accused the leader.

"It's a new member of the band that's throwing us," was the leader's alibi. "The union has stuck us with a man with a gray flannel flute."

—BENNETT CERF.

Orville Prescott

describes his new book as "roughly two-thirds lighthearted anecdotal autobiography, and one-third serious opinion." It's a happy blend of laughter and ideas, books and people.

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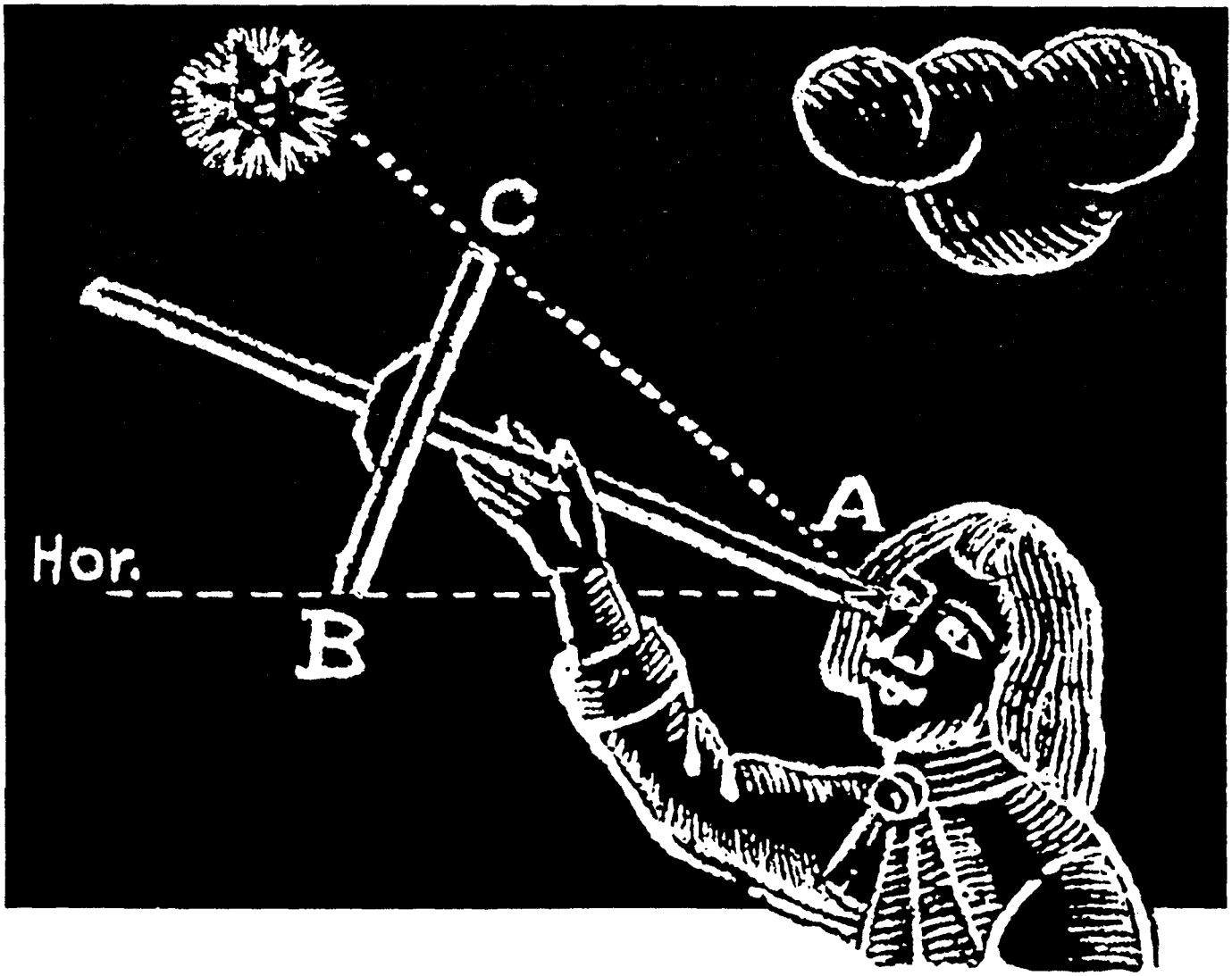

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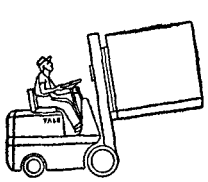

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The Saturday Review
FEBRUARY 25, 1956

WASHINGTON

A Birthday Reminder

No revolutionist, no insurgent captain, no party demigod ever lived who used fewer political wiles than George Washington. He was a large, cool, skeptical aristocrat; he never pretended otherwise. He was also a man of stern duty and terrific passions. He organized an army out of a lukewarm farming population and with it humbled the most successful empire of modern times. He squeezed supplies from a rancorous and pinchpenny Congress. He kept his rag-tag-and-bobtail men together for eight freezing winters and exhausting summers. All this he accomplished with a personality as remote from contemporaries as from us. This February President John A. Perkins of the University of Delaware celebrates for SR *this rare citizen: the tenacious, intrepid squire of Mt. Vernon.*

By JOHN A. PERKINS

GEORGE WASHINGTON's birthday should prompt more than a Bank Holiday each twenty-second of February. Paying tribute to him by eating cherry pie or ice cream garnished with a hatchet is not enough. Nor is the ritual of reading his Farewell Address in Congress sufficient.

February with Washington's birthday is an appropriate time for review of the origin and nature of liberty. Then each of us, in the spirit of Washington, might relate our freedom to our personal responsibilty for freedom's future.

The full meaning of freedom can best be known by tracing its roots as developed in our Western civilization. Pericles's memorable Funeral Oration makes clear the two notions of freedom inherited from the ancient Greeks: the first is protection of the group from attack; the second is the ambition of the group to realize itself as fully as possible.

Two centuries later, after Alexander the Great made the then-known world one empire, Stoic philosophers gave birth to another idea inherent in our concept of freedom. Stoicism stressed the importance of the individual, the idea that the individual's self-realization is the main objective of human endeavor. Thus comes the emphasis on the paramount dignity of human personality, the fundamental equality of all of us as human beings and the necessity of liberty for self-realization.

During the Roman Empire and the Middle Ages, indeed for fifteen hundred years or more, these root concepts of freedom were submerged. Luther, in 1517, by affixing his Ninety-Five Theses to the door of the Church at Wittenburg touched off the Reformation and the Wars of Religion. Generations of futile fighting ensued. For example, France after thirty years of Civil War, according to the word of a witness, resembled "the Corpse of France." Villages and farms fell into ruin. Fields went unplowed. Starving peasants took to pillage. Protestants tried to impose their tenets of reform upon all. The established Christian doctrine, Catholicism, sought to hold the dissenters to orthodoxy on penalty of death. Wiser men at last prevailed. To bring a halt to killing, those who differed on religion were induced to tolerate one another. Toleration thus becomes an important root of freedom, too.

Eventually mere toleration evolved into true freedom of worship. A distinguished British scholar, J. N. Figgis, in a sonorous sentence once wrote, "Political liberties are the residuary

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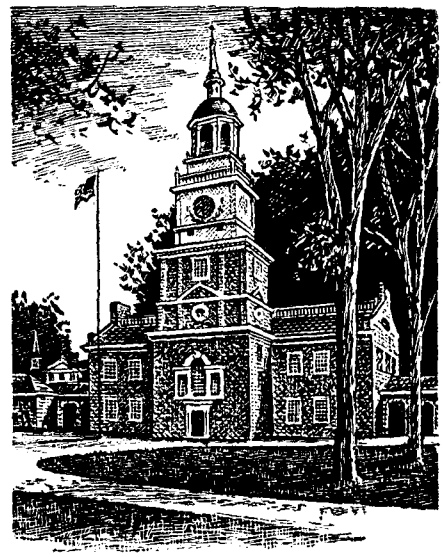
legatees of ecclesiastical animosities." Stripped of its academese, what Figgis says is simply this: Establishment of the idea of religious liberty opened the way for all the other freedoms we now enjoy. Whether the freedoms are to be numbered four or more, it should be understood that freedom is not divisible. It is a whole. If destroyed in any of the segments into which we commonly classify it the whole will disintegrate.

In the rationalistic period that followed the religious wars political philosophers claimed for the individual certain natural and inalienable rights. Authority, particularly government, is not entitled to invade these rights. John Locke's "Two Treatises on Government" expressed this philosophy. In Thomas Jefferson's unusually felicitous prose, the Declaration of Independence simply applied the thinking of Locke. His had become the accepted thought of the Signers and other leading men of the Colonies. "The God who gave us life," wrote Jefferson, "gave us liberty at the same time; the hand of force can destroy, but not disjoin them."

Economic freedom and what has come to be called rugged individualism is expressed in the French phrase *laissez faire*. This concept was a nineteenth-century extension into the economic sphere of the political freedoms of the individual established by our own and the French revolutions. Government's role was reduced to that of a mere guarantor of peace and order. Millions of men in the Western world entered into a vast competition of individual strivings. Rewards went to those making maximum effort and those with unusual ability. Charles Darwin's "Origin of Species" appeared in 1859. The phrase "survival of the fittest" was shifted out of its biological context and used to justify those few who were successful in the economic struggles of the market place. Gradually, social critics spread the idea that freedom in a *lassez-faire* society was largely restricted to those who had the wealth or the opportunity to purchase it; and these were apt to be a negligible minority.

Early in the second decade of this century Woodrow Wilson proposed a "New Freedom" in the USA. Theodore Roosevelt, running for the Presidency again in 1914, propounded essentially the same philosophy in his "Square Deal" platform. Franklin D. Roosevelt's "New Deal" was an extension—and a considerable one—of Wilson's "New Freedom." These men believed that if the masses of men were to enjoy freedom in the full sense governments must interfere with society and individuals instead of



letting them struggle for survival alone. Eventually, in Europe and the United States, the typical *laissez-faire* governments of the nineteenth century were gradually replaced by Positive Government and the Social Service State of the Twentieth. The extent to which the Social Service State has now been accepted is evident (to the dismay of some and joy of others) in most Western nations. The concept of a positive "do something" government is now a part of the concept of freedom.

Politicians when out of office eulogize the earlier ideas of freedom, especially the economic one of *laissez faire*. They have nothing but criticism for governmental intervention. However, when in power they evidently believe it might be political suicide to reverse the ameliorating intervention of government, an apparently established aspect of twentieth-century freedom.

SO MUCH for the background of our liberty. What is the status of freedom today?

Remember, protection from attack was thought fundamental to freedom by the Greeks. With the coming of peace in Indochina the world was without a shooting war for the first time in approximately a quarter century. The United Nations celebrated its tenth anniversary amidst what was paradoxically spoken of as a peace offensive. Freedom, if it implies protection of the group from attack, is in constant jeopardy. The Armistice in Korea and the Armistice in Indochina are uneasy ones. The dove of peace is apt to be shot down as a gamebird any day in the border lands of Jordan. Tension in these and other locations could precipitate the holocaust of modern warfare with atomic weapons used on all sides.

The relationship between freedom and the ambition of the group to realize itself brings up education. Educational opportunities are greater in the United States than anywhere else. When the Twentieth Century Fund took its most recent look into the future it predicted that the present crisis in education would persist. There will continue to be a shortage of teachers and classrooms for the many children our prosperity has already delivered and will bring in the future. In a technical civilization a college education, if the student has the ability, is essential for individual self-realization as well as for national material well-being and security. Today only about one youngster in four who has the native ability to benefit from post high-school training goes to college.

Respect for individuality, a basic ingredient of our concept of freedom, seems to be in a losing struggle with pressure to conform. Ours has been correctly labeled "An Age of Conformity." In recent years public officials caught in acts of dishonesty excused their individual sins by saying, "Everybody's doing it." Goose-stepping minds are as dangerous as goose-stepping soldiers.

Our tradition and laws have given, until recently, ample protection to the individual. Our heritage of Anglo-Saxon justice provides that a man is presumed innocent until proven guilty. He is guaranteed a trial according to well-developed legal procedures protecting him in his property and person. Of late we have violated this idea and have resorted upon occasion to condemnation by a mass advertising technique. Not so long ago a widespread impression was created that a number of people were actual or potential spies although not tried and convicted as individuals.

What of tolerance, that forerunner of religious freedom? When tolerance leaves us freedom has small chance. Last year a group of citizens in Indianapolis found themselves unable to rent an auditorium when they wanted to form a branch of the American Civil Liberties Union. When a room in a church was finally secured a patriotic society held a meeting of protest on the same night.

THE greatest of all present threats to liberty and freedom may well be the lack of a sufficient sense of public responsibility on the part of the individual citizen.

The era in which the world has witnessed the apogee of freedom—in the sense that Western man's experience has given it definition—roughly corresponds to the same timespan as the

(*Continued on page* 32)

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SR's Book of the Week:

"LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT"

By GILBERT SELDES

THE BEST-KNOWN facts of the private life of Eugene O'Neill are these: he was the son of James O'Neill, the actor who spent a large part of his professional life playing the title role in "The Count of Monte Cristo"; he knocked about the world, making several sea voyages in sail; as a young man he went to a sanitarium to be cured of tuberculosis.

In "Long Day's Journey Into Night," the play Eugene O'Neill wrote in 1940 and which is now being published and produced for the first time (Yale University Press, $3.75), the head of the Tyrone family is an actor (whom Edwin Booth saluted as greater than himself), who acquired a cheap melodrama and spent the rest of his life trouping it all over the country. His younger son, Edmund, has been writing after several sea voyages and is afflicted with tuberculosis. O'Neill calls it a "play of old sorrow, written in tears and blood" and the jacket says he wrote it "to confront a painful and tragic part of his own autobiography." The reader is driven, reluctantly, to assume that the other characters are also parts of O'Neill's life: these are another son, who is the third drunkard, the worst, in the family; and the mother, who is a dope-fiend.

There is an amount of activity in the play, each character being shown in a relationship of vengeful hatred or deep affection, or both at the same time, to each of the others; of action in the sense of conventional plot there is little. The play is a search for causes, as near to the primal cause as O'Neill can get. Why are these people what they are? The answer seems to be that the primal cause is a primal curse: they were misbegotten.

In the play there had been another son (named Eugene) who died when still a baby because of neglect. The mother blames herself because she let herself be persuaded to join her lonely husband on the road; the elder child, not fully recovered from measles, slipped into the baby's room and the baby caught the disease. Then:

> I shouldn't have let you insist I have another baby to take Eugene's place. . . . I was afraid all the time I carried Edmund. I knew something terrible would happen. . . . I knew I wasn't worthy to have another baby, and . . . God would punish me if I did.

This is the mother's guilt. The father's guilt is that he was too stingy to hire a good doctor and the quack who attended the birth gave the mother morphine and she became an addict. The father is too stingy to pay for a good cure, so she constantly falls back into the habit. The elder son's guilt lies in the death of the baby. The distracted mother says, "He did it on purpose. He was jealous of the baby. . . . He'd been warned it might kill the baby." The younger son's guilt is having been born and so sharing with his father the guilt of turning his mother into a dope-fiend.

There are other themes. Perhaps the mother should have become a nun, although the Mother Superior doubted her vocation. Perhaps the bitter poverty of the elder Tyrone's boyhood had distorted his mind and made him a miser. Perhaps being Irish is behind it all. The themes are all suggested and the overtones of psychoanalysis are constantly present. The jealousy and affection between the brothers is a marked element as is the hatred and love between father and sons. Also recurrent is the rejection, by all of them, of the actuality of their situation. At times the men pretend the mother isn't under the influence of dope, at times they denounce her for it, and each strikes at the other to defend her.

IT HAS been my experience with O'Neill, reading him before and after seeing the plays produced, that in spite of the wilful difficulties he cre-

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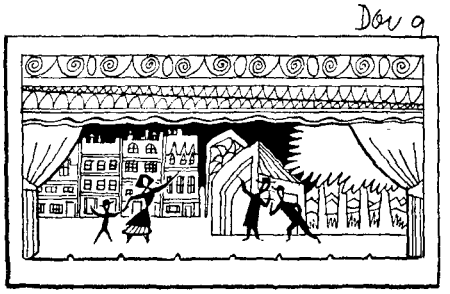
BEHIND THE BOOK: *The bitterly autobiographical tone of Eugene O'Neill's "Long Day's Journey Into Night" should wipe out the lingering impression of public and critics that the nostalgia of "Ah, Wilderness!" was a reflection of O'Neill's young manhood, now that the play has been published (but not produced) here. By 1940 O'Neill had fallen into some disfavor with American audiences and critics, and between that year and his death in 1953 his conviction grew that American audiences could not appreciate his mature work any more than American producers and actors could interpret it. During this same period he developed a warm relationship with the personnel of the Royal Dramatic Theatre in Stockholm, who had staged a number of sympathetic and highly successful interpretations of his plays. Before he died O'Neill gave the manuscript of the still unpublished and unproduced "Long Day's Journey Into Night" to the Yale University Library, and told his wife that he did not want the play ever produced in the United States. Shortly after his death the Royal Dramatic Theatre asked Mrs. O'Neill permission to produce it, and she gladly gave it. (For an account of the opening there, see next page.) It is quite probable that she will also permit the production of the play elsewhere in Europe.*

Mrs. O'Neill has given a number of her husband's manuscripts and pencil drafts to the Yale Library to establish a permanent collection which includes an unpublished one-act play that may be printed in the near future. All royalties from such sales and from the current sales of "Long Day's Journey Into Night," which has run into two printings before publication, will be used to support and augment this collection and to support the Eugene O'Neill Scholarships in the Yale Drama School.



—THOMAS E. COONEY.

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ates his plays do play. From the one-acters of the sea through "Strange Interlude" at least, with "Mourning Becomes Electra" as a masterly example, all the plays read badly but they come to life on the stage. In "Long Day's Journey Into Night" the sense of theatre is still strong.

There are really eight principal characters, not four, since each has his or her *doppelgänger*, the men attended by their drunken images, the woman by her other self, the sane and healthy one. They flow and shift instantaneously from one to the other and we are never to know in which of their two voices the truth is being uttered. Is the elder brother penetrating to the truth when he says that he led his brother into debauchery, under pretense of "showing him life" because he wanted to ruin him, or is the truth his self-sacrificial love of his brother, his effort to protect him against both his parents? In the nightmare of dissension which passions are the valid ones or are they all equal—and are all the people equally damned?

This haunting question gives power to the play. The weaknesses are O'Neill's old ones, the repetitions, the long speeches, and—more than in any other play I can recall—a passion for reciting poetry, Swinburne and Baudelaire among others, and a desperate flatness of language which, again, may not be felt when the lines are spoken. The old fog rising from the sea is around the house and the younger son says at one point, "Stammering is the native eloquence of us fog people." It doesn't sum up the tortured genius of O'Neill, but it will do for this play.

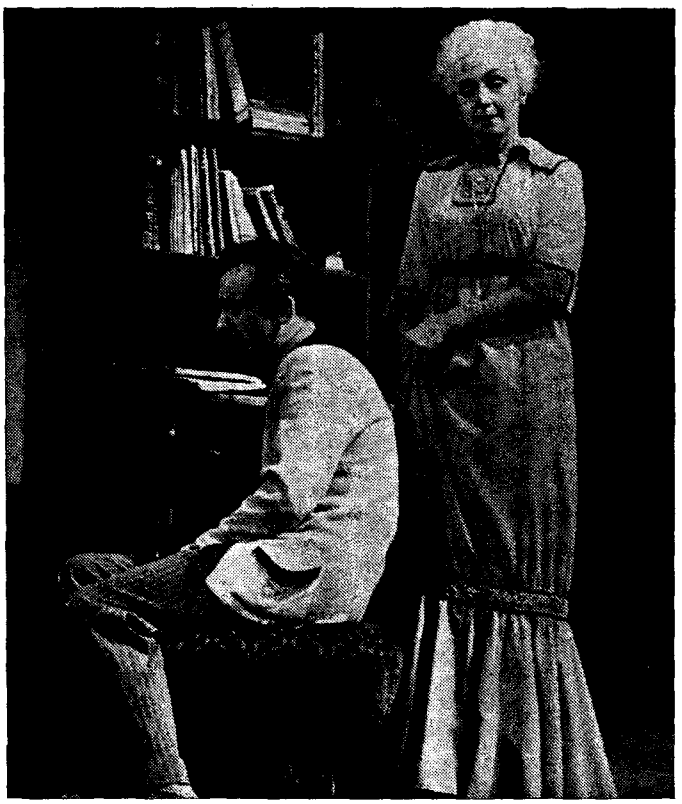
THE STOCKHOLM PERFORMANCE [By Cable]: For three acts Eugene O'Neill's "Long Day's Journey Into Night" held a first-night audience that included Gustaf Adolf, Queen Louisa, members of the Swedish Academy, and other notables spellbound. The Royal Dramatic theatre's four-and-a-half-hour performance—interrupted by only one fifteen-minute intermission—reached its high point at the end of the third act when the fate of Mary Tyrone is clearly revealed. The fourth and final act seemed somewhat anticlimactic, with some seventy minutes devoted to an interesting but drawn-out discussion between James Tyrone and his brother Edmund. Here the play began to lose its grip on its audience. Only in the final moments did the play return to the emotional intensity of the third-act scene in which Inga Tidblad, Sweden's outstanding actress, playing Mary Tyrone, appears in a dressing gown holding a bridal dress in her outstretched arms as she sleepwalks in a drug-induced dream of the past. This poetic and stirring ending truly fits Jim Tyrone's comment, "It was the entry of Ophelia."

"Long Day's Journey Into Night" is the tenth Eugene O'Neill play produced by the Swedish Royal Dramatic Theatre, and its reception here is greater than that accorded to any of the previous ones. This may be partly explained by Sweden's pride in having been selected by the Nobel Prizewinning playwright to give this new work its world premiere. It will be remembered that Sweden's Royal Dramatic Theatre picked O'Neill's "All God's Chillun Got Wings" as the inaugural program for its newly-built Little Theatre in 1945. While O'Neill's plays have always been successful here, his popularity has increased in recent years, with "The Iceman Cometh" and "Moon for the Misbegotten" getting the best receptions.

As for the performances, Inga Tidblad vibrated with highstrung nervousness, and with her convincing lapse into a drugged dream dominated the production in the greatest performance of a long and distinguished career. Lars Hanson, himself Sweden's finest contemporary actor, excelled in the role of the parsimonious actor-father James Tyrone; Ulf Palme, our outstanding character actor, as his alcoholic son Jamie; and Jarl Kulle, our leading young actor, as the tubercular son Edmund (Jamie's *alter ego*) were equally effective.

The play was directed by Bengt Ekerot, Sweden's brilliant young director, against simple, drab, realistic settings that admirably reflected James Tyrone's miserliness. As the tragedy unfolded the lighting dimmed until by the third act the stage took on a marvelous mystical atmosphere against the eerie background of a droning foghorn. As family secrets were revealed the play recalled Ibsen and particularly "Ghosts." Stockholmers found it the most human and utterly realistic tragedy imaginable and felt it could pertain to any family here or abroad.

Newspapers unanimously praised production and author alike. The highly conservative *Svenska Dagbladet* called it "the most powerful realistic drama of the century" and the Stockholm *Dagens Nyheter* gave similarly enthusiastic praise but added "It is doubtful if one will ever see 'Long Day's Journey Into Night' on any other stage because it is so demanding on both theatre and audience." Unfortunately, it will be seen here for only one month due to a previous commitment which necessitates Miss Tidblad leaving the cast.—Frederic Fleisher.



—Beata Bergstrom.

Jarl Kulle and Inga Tidblad opening night—"Stockholmers found it the most human and utterly realistic tragedy imaginable."

Editor's Note: *Frederic Fleisher, who covered this opening in Stockholm February 10, is an American student at the University of Stockholm. He has received the Swedish degree of Fil. Kand. (B.A.) and is at present doing graduate work in the department of literature at the University. He presented an honor's thesis on Eugen O'Neill.*

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FICTION

The Gay, Good-Bad People

"That Uncertain Feeling," by Kingsley Amis *(Harcourt, Brace. 247 pp. $3.50), a new novel by one of the better younger British writers, deals with the life and loves of a likable hypocrite in Aberdacy, Wales.*

By Harvey Curtis Webster

THE YOUNGER British novelists—
—Edward Grierson, Maurice Edelman, Rayne Kruger, P. H. Newby, Kingsley Amis, others—are an interesting and promising lot. They are, most of the time, serious but not too serious. They write urbanely, wittily —rarely superciliously or pretentiously. They don't try, like too many of their American counterparts, to solve the problems of the universe, the psyche, or society once and for all. They are knowledgeable, aware of their own and man's limitations, cultivate their gardens well but without excessive neatness. Naturally they're not yet quite as good as Joyce Cary, Evelyn Waugh, Aldous Huxley, the rest. But give them ten or twenty years and they should be.

Excepting P. H. Newby, the best of them is Kingsley Amis. He's been compared to Evelyn Waugh (and often he is as outrageously amusing), to Huxley (and his comedy is as basically serious as that of "Antic Hay"). But neither his first novel, "Lucky Jim," nor his latest, "That Uncertain Feeling," shows the bitterness of "Vile Bodies" or the pedantry that sometimes spoils "Point Counter Point." Mr. Amis likes the people it amuses him to create, gently displays their flaws and stupidities, sympathetically criticizes the society they're part of.

A much better novel than "Lucky Jim," "That Uncertain Feeling" centers around John Lewis. He is a poseur and hypocrite who sees through himself so clearly you can't help liking him while you smile at his failings that are maybe yours too. When you first meet him at the library where he works he's trying on his severe look to frighten away a persistently stupid woman. At the library, at cocktail parties with the élite he despises and wants to belong with, with his mistress, Elizabeth (a Lady Brett of the Fifties?), he continues to try on looks: the supercilious, the intellectual, the leering, the righteously indignant, the little-boy-who's-not-really, even the Humphrey Bogart look. The amazing thing is that Mr. Amis makes us believe John Lewis is also a likable fellow who honestly realizes he's moral and immoral at the same time and sincerely tries not to to be immoral in the hope morality will become habitual. You smile (close to laughter), as John himself does, but you also say, *"mon semblable, mon frère."*

Mr. Amis does nearly as well with the other characters: Jean, the tolerant but not too tolerant Mrs. Lewis; Elizabeth Gruffydd Williams, John's practical, vague, bored, generous mistress; her husband, an unfoolish cuckold; a dozen others who inhabit the upper, lower, and middle ground in Aberdacy, Wales. All of them are, in Forster's phrase, good-and-bad people who sometimes are ridiculous, sometimes nearly noble, always trying to cope with a society and an age that gives them genuine reasons for anxiety.

"That Uncertain Feeling" is, in other words, in the great tradition of British comic writing, which has always been serio-comic. The scene where John Lewis is surprised by Elizabeth's husband is as amusing as the similar scene in "Tom Jones." When, in the concluding pages, John Lewis runs away from an attractive woman because he has that uncertain feeling again the unobtrusive point is as hilarious-moral as Tom Jones's flight from Mrs. Waters. It is dangerous to predict, but I think Mr. Amis is well on the way to an honorable place in the honorable tradition, stretching from Chaucer to Cary, that works for good without making it mandatory to be grim about it.

—Jacket design, by Arline and Marvin Oberman, for "That Uncertain Feeling."

". . . hope morality will become habitual."

—Peter Hennessy.

Mavis Gallant—"perceptive observation."

Brief Frustration

"The Other Paris," by Mavis Gallant *(Houghton Mifflin. 240 pp. $3.50), brings together a dozen tales about unheroic humans beset by bewilderment and uncertainty.*

By Rose Feld

GEOGRAPHICALLY Mavis Gallant, in her collection of twelve short stories, covers a far larger territory than is suggested by the title "The Other Paris." As background she has France, Austria, Canada, Germany, Spain. Something happens in Paris, in Salzburg, in Montreal or Madrid but essentially she is concerned with the exploration of the states of mind and emotion of unheroic human beings caught in a web of bewilderment, ineffectuality, and compromise. Whether they are Americans, Austrians, Spaniards, they carry the close bond of individual frustrations.

In this genre of the short story Miss Gallant holds professional if not equal stature of kinship with writers such as Eudora Welty, Jean Stafford, Hortense Kalisher, and in occasional moments, especially when she writes of children, to Katherine Mansfield. Like them, she eschews the formal or popular plot. No dramatic line of action or climax, no boy-and-girl story with a happy ending will be found in her work. What gives it interest and distinction is her perceptive observation of the ebb and flow of inner conflicts which can never be resolved.

Most of her stories deal with women, among them a girl in Paris who seeks to integrate herself with

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romance; a young wife in Salzburg who feels herself an immature stranger to the soldier she has married; a woman on a cruise who is lost in a world that holds no financial protector; a Canadian schoolteacher caught in a whirlpool of embittering memories.

The best of them is "Going Ashore," the story of a woman of dubious background who, with her twelve-year-old daughter, is a passenger on a cruise ship. Here Miss Gallant not only revealingly captures the emotional insecurity of a woman adrift in a sea that holds no male anchor of personal responsibility but the poignant feeling of a child who desperately hopes for a way of life that is free of an "Uncle." On the cruise she and her mother were "alone, with no man, no Uncle Anyone to interfere. . . . The new life was always there, just before them, like a note indefinitely suspended or a wave about to break. It was there, but nothing happened." Nothing, except that Mama found a new protector.

"The Other Paris," the title story, holds the sharp bite of contrast between illusion and reality. A young American girl working in Paris becomes engaged to her office superior, also an American, and because it had happened in Paris she was sure that an exciting world of romance and beauty would open up to her. But the man was dull and she was timid and the glimpses she caught of French love she found sordid and mean. But once home in the States she knew, "the comforting vision of Paris as she had once imagined it would overlap reality . . . after awhile, happily married, mercifully removed in time, she would remember it and describe it and finally believe it as it had never been at all."

Like many collections, Miss Gallant's has its low as well as high moments of interest and craftsmanship. A few of the stories—or sketches—emerge as exercises in mood, interesting as emotional explorations but unrewarding as fictional entities. But the best of them, several of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, are excellent.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1143)

R. C. HUTCHINSON:

THE STEPMOTHER

Feeling the breath of the house as it moved into spring, she thought of a liner emerging from the rage of northern seas, how it seems to accept with the complacency of old experience the sunlit calm at which passengers are marvelling.

Herbert Gold—"ear for the vernacular."

Notes

LIFE WITH THE CARNIVAL: In **"The Man Who Was Not with It"** (Little, Brown, $3.75) Herbert Gold has written one of the toughest, roughest, and in many ways the most nauseating stories of recent times. It is the story of a boy named Bud who ran away from his lonely father and his girl in Pittsburgh to join a carnival in San Diego, and Mr. Gold's account of the ways by which Grack, Bud's boss, cured him of the dope habit is horrifyingly typical. One day Grack rolled up the boy's sleeve, poked the sore places on the veins, and told him he could mash the habit out of him. Then he took Bud up to a cabin in the mountains, slept beside him with a knife on his bare chest, and went to work. Bud's brains turned to soap and came out of his ears, but he was cured. The real question, however, was: Was Bud with it?—with the carnival, that is. He went home to his father, a wretched man, and to the girl, Phyllis. Something of an amateur philosopher, he employs a lingo of his own when he says of Phyllis, "No man can escape the woman he considers too much rused for him; tear her down or run away toward her if he can't meet her head and hind on." Soon, being able to stand the life at home no longer, he heads back for the carnival, where, in a rambling finish, he marries a cute little number who is the daughter of a fortune-teller, and sets off to find Grack, who, when he is located, tries to rape Bud's now-pregnant wife. All of which causes Bud to decide that "he was not the man who was with it" and the reader to decide that Mr. Gold has both a talent for violence and an ear for the vernacular which is alarming but which is also difficult to forget.

—HARRISON SMITH.

SWEET REMEMBERED DAYS: Life, as a very small girl named Liesbeth discovers in Dorothea Rutherford's **"The Threshold"** (translated by Moura Budberg and Tania Alexander; Little, Brown, $3.75), is a matter of sensations and solitary experiences rather than events, although the anticipation of events can be unbearably exciting. To wake up in the sun-fingered, familiar-scented nursery in the lovely Estonian city of Tallinn in the idyllic days before World War I is thrilling; it is a fresh joy every morning. In the magic world outside her home there are open horse-cars to ride in summer, and in snowy winter the cosy sleighs drawn by jingling horses. Then at night, through the dark of the streets, the gas lamps flicker, so different from homely candles that light Mother's piano. Outside is fun, of course, and adventure, too, but home is best of all. There Liesbeth is enfolded in a sense of well-being. It is at home that Mother sings and occasionally scolds and sometimes hugs a child in need of comforting. Home is also Father's kingdom, and Father is the most important of the kings.

Amid delights to be smelled, tasted, heard, and felt the cycle of Liesbeth's year comes full circle. She enjoys summer play at the shore, the wondrous autumn apples in Grandmama's garden, the Christmas bazaar with its bride-doll raffle. Presumably this little exercise in nostalgia is autobiographical. It constitutes, in any case, a delicate revelation of the unfolding of a young child's spirit. In its lyrical and meditative way it is a prose poem to the miracle of childhood.

—ANNE F. WOLFE.

THE RIDDLE OF MARY: The opening chapters of Brian Cooper's short novel **"Maria"** (Vanguard, $3) read like any of the countless fictional stories about Nazi atrocities which, popular fifteen and ten years ago, have long since been outdated—and topped in gruesomeness—by factual reports, indeed by the mere files of the Nuremberg trials.

However, Mr. Cooper's book turns out to be a mystery story. It involves a young Cambridge historian (who has done service with the Nuremberg tribunal) and a propertied young patrician widow of great beauty and no less poise, who fall in love with each other almost at first sight and get married after a brief courtship. Soon the circumstances of the death of the bride's first husband, a German, begin to trouble his successor. Two relatives of that man who live nearby—a hopelessly mad woman and her crippled husband—augment the atmosphere of sinister enigma and

(*Continued on page 30*)

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AMERICANA

Tammany Window-Dressing

"The Gentleman and the Tiger," edited by Harold C. Syrett *(Lippincott. 375 pp. $6), is the autobiography of George B. McClellan, the son of the controversial Civil War general, who was one of the prominent figures in New York City's politics half a century ago. Professor Louis Filler of Antioch College reviews it here.*

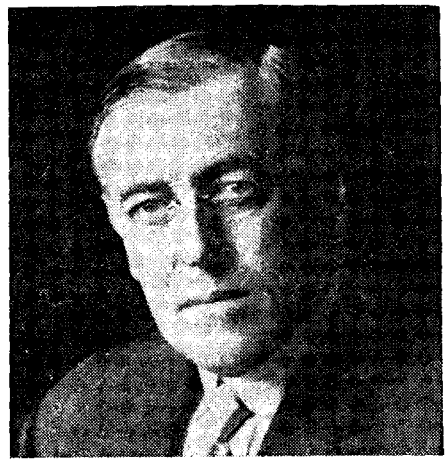
By Louis Filler

IN NAMING the autobiography of George B. McClellan "The Gentleman and the Tiger" its editor, Harold C. Syrett, may have had Frank R. Stockton's famous title," The Lady or the Tiger?" in general view. If so readers will wish to ask themselves whether a question mark is at all appropriate in summoning up the results of McClellan's career and concluding fight with Tammany Hall. Or it may be that the inspiration for the title was Cosmo Monkhouse's limerick ("There was a young lady from Niger . . ."). In this case Professor Syrett would be saying that McClellan in trying to ride the amiable Democratic beast succeeded in no more than furnishing it a good meal at his own expense.

In either event Professor Syrett has produced a most delightful book out of the 709 pages of typewritten manuscript which McClellan completed before his death and presented to the New York Historical Society. McClellan's personality was formed in part by the injustice, official and unofficial, which he imagined had been done his adored father, the controversial Civil War general. He was a gentleman, who was willing to be a firm Democratic organization man at a time when Tammany Hall was the country's symbol for political corruption.

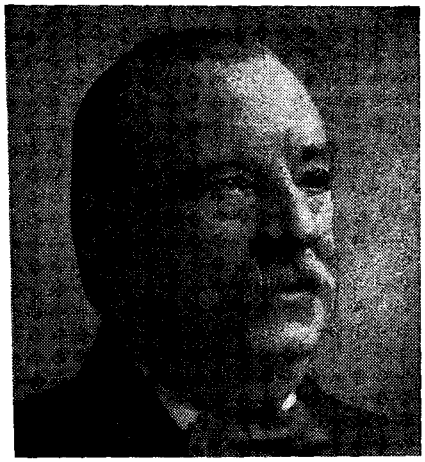
As such he had a relatively short public life, first as president of New York's Board of Aldermen beginning in 1893, at the age of twenty-eight, then as a Congressman from 1895 to 1903, and finally as Mayor of New York until 1909. The rest is silence, except that as a professor of economic history at Princeton University he had some acquaintance (but no particular influence) with some political notables, wrote several works in history, and attracted a bit of notoriety by his effort to get Germany a fair hearing before our entrance into World War I. He died in 1942.

McClellan was, in short, pretty much of a failure in public affairs: little more than a creature of Boss Croker and Boss Murphy for so long as those realistic New York politicians chose to use his name as a key to respectability and tolerate his personal honesty. McClellan lacked the magnetism and wire-pulling abilities which might have helped him build a per-

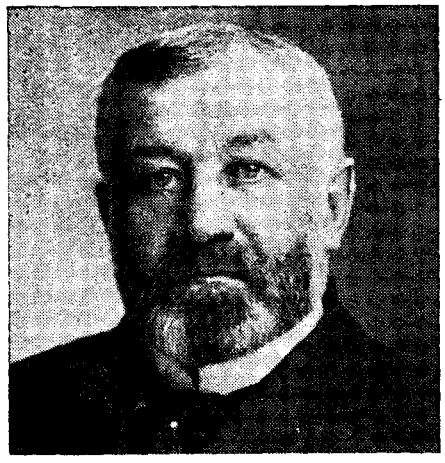


OF WOODROW WILSON: "[He] was the most self-assured, the most egotistical, and the vainest man I ever knew. . . . He once said to me, 'I am sorry for those who disagree with me.' When I asked why, he replied, 'Because I know that they are wrong'."

OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT [at the unveiling of Gen. McClellan's statue]: "Turning around he faced my mother, 'Madame, you are a good woman. This lady has done her duty and borne children.' Then he delivered an oration against birth control. . . ."



OF GROVER CLEVELAND: ". . . [He] told us a quite banal anecdote, [whereupon everybody began congratulating him in superlatives]. Cleveland stood it as long as he could and, when he could stand it no longer, with great emphasis said, 'Oh, rats!'"



OF BOSS CROKER: "There has always been a certain mystery as to how Croker made his fortune. . . . Before [an] investigating committee . . . he blandly stated that he kept no . . . accounts . . . He added with a smile, 'I am out for my pocket all the time'."

OF MAYOR LOW [after the death of Low's father]: "I was eating breakfast when the nurse . . . told me that Father had passed away. I remember that I had buckwheat cakes. . . . I finished my cakes and, folding my napkin, I went upstairs to Father."

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sonal following of any dimensions. Not that he lacked the will to power, gentleman or no gentleman. But he was without the insight of, say, Theodore Roosevelt which would have enabled him to probe the depths and limitations of the Reform Era and manipulate them to his own advantage. The hectic election of 1905 was the turning point. Rightly or wrongly, McClellan won the decision over his opponent, William Randolph Hearst, broke with Tammany, and tried to be his own mayor, in defiance of the Tammany leadership. He failed; Tammany never called him again to run for any office.

He had his revenge by assuming that all successful public men gained their victories through meanness and deceptions. McClellan was a monumental gossip and patiently collected stories against everyone in power, particularly those who seemed to him to have used him ungratefully, ignored him, or undercut him. Much of the material he provided in his autobiography is new and all of it is interesting. He claims, for example, that Grover Cleveland promised his father the War Office during the election of 1884, forgot the elder McClellan entirely, and then offered him the inconsequential Russian mission. (McClellan's telegraphic response was: "No thanks," the comma deliberately omitted.) Seth Low, reform mayor and president of Columbia University, on hearing that his father had died, thoughtfully finished eating his buckwheat cakes before going upstairs to see the body. Theodore Roosevelt wired his hope to Mrs. Cleveland that Grover Cleveland's funeral would not take place on the day of the Harvard-Yale boat race.

Some of his tidbits McClellan himself witnessed and heard and can be more or less responsible about retailing. He did mean to be honest, and his information often adds useful footnotes to history. Many of his stories are spiteful, and in numerous cases the detail is simply addled. One entertaining aspect of this book (there are others; McClellan had a sense of humor and an avid interest in people who counted) is to follow Professor Syrett through his patient research, as McClellan mishandles names, dates, and events. It tests the resources of language to find new ways of indicating that McClellan had been in error, mistaken, inaccurate, incorrect, and wrong. The reader can find a good deal of amusement, too, in determining the psychological and other reasons for McClellan's various quirks of confusion.

The value of these memoirs needs to be underscored. McClellan was a cynic, but he had much to be cynical about. McClellan was also a gentleman, and in this easy age for turns to the "right" it is instructive to discern the difference between an essential conservative, who honored his family and class and public service, and upstart opportunists, who are merely loyal to their augmented incomes. Finally, this is a fascinating portrait of the Tammany Hall of the time: its methods in general, its corruption in particular. Readers might well ask themselves whether human nature has been reformed since those unregenerate days. Readers might well begin at the famous exchange, reproduced by Professor Syrett, between a state investigator and Boss Croker, apropos of the latter's role in New York politics:

Mr. Moss: Then you are working for your own pocket, are you not?

Mr. Croker: All the time, same as you.

Nantucket

By M. Chadbourne

THE poem is written, we have come too late.
The boats lie motionless, their white sails furled
Over the dream of some remembered world,
The fishing-shacks along the harbor wait
The coming-home of fishermen who died.
I hear the echo of a song outgrown
Refrain of hoof and wheel and cobblestone
Unanswered voices drowning on the tide.

The poem is perfect, written long ago
By people lost in time beyond recall.
The narrow lanes, the roses on the wall
The moors at dusk, mused in the ocean flow,
Lull the fool heart beyond its own forgiving.
Here bide the dead—and stronger than the living.

"Old Man Eloquent"

"John Quincy Adams and the Union," by Samuel Flagg Bemis *(Alfred A. Knopf. 546 pp. $8.75), completes the monumental biography of the man who crowned a notable career as diplomat, Secretary of State, and sixth President, with seventeen years' service in the House as champion for anti-slavery and the Federal Union. It is reviewed here by George Dangerfield, whose history of "The Era of Good Feelings" won a Pulitzer Prize.*

By George Dangerfield

"JOHN QUINCY ADAMS AND THE UNION" is the second and final volume of Samuel Flagg Bemis's study of the enormous career of the diplomat, Secretary of State, sixth President of the United States, and (for seventeen years until his death in the Capitol) member of the House of Representatives from the Plymouth and Eighth Districts of Massachusetts. The first volume, "John Quincy Adams and the Foundations of American Foreign Policy," an invaluable treatise on diplomatic history, ended substantially with the election of 1824, though it ranged farther forward in time. It was distinguished for its meticulous scholarship and for the range and depth of its learning: but the personal Adams—as was perhaps inevitable—was somewhat lost in the complexities of the historical theme.

The second volume is simpler in design; it is also, from the biographical point of view, a larger and more compelling book. Its central theme is John Quincy Adams's battle for the right of petition which he fought—at times almost singlehanded—against the slavery delegations in the House of Representatives. The background was ominous: it was heavy with a possible meeting of interest between the Western expansionist and the Southern slaveholder. The atmosphere of the House was charged with hatred and fear. It was against this background and in this atmosphere that John Quincy Adams earned his title of "Old Man Eloquent." The title was Miltonic and so was the man. Professor Bemis has caught the very voice of his genius; and the quasi-paradox that the voice was raised on behalf of human liberty while the genius was more vitriolic than humane, fills the story with peculiar excitement and a peculiar terror. "John Quincy Adams and the Union" is both scholarly and imag

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native. The scholarship strengthens the imagination, the imagination humanizes the scholarship. It is a masterly book.

It begins with Adams's Presidency, and traverses those four unhappy years, from 1825 to 1829, with what I should be tempted to describe as a seemly haste. No admirer of Adams would want to linger there. Adams was a great Secretary of State, but he was not equipped to be a great or even a good President. Moreover, everything was against him, from his own tormenting conscience to the drift of the times. The two-party system was in abeyance and he was not the man to revive it. His foreign policy degenerated into a weak mixture of idealism and protectionism; and the domestic politics of his Presidency were never more than a bitter froth on the great wave of Jacksonian revolution which swept him out of office in 1828.

In 1830 Adams was elected to the House of Representatives. He had always been an antislavery man, but had kept his opinions to himself and to his Diary. It was not until 1836 that this reticence was finally abandoned. His attempt to present certain antislavery petitions was met by a gag rule of the House, which tabled them and thus prevented any debate on the issue of slavery. It was on the question of freedom of petition that Adams hoped to break down, and eventually succeeded in breaking down, the old alliance between the "plain republicans" of the North and the slaveholders of the South. Year by year the gag rule became more stringent; and year by year Adams tried to defeat it, confronting and outfacing the special kind of pandemonium which Southern delegations could create in those days. He combined great parliamentary skill with a mastery of invective, which he uttered in a shrill voice; but his strategic masterpiece was his ability to identify the basic Constitutional freedoms with the cause of antislavery.

Professor Bemis has been, I think, a little kind to certain aspects of Adams's Whiggism, which was independent but still Whig. But he has not otherwise been especially indulgent to Adams. He scarcely conceals the possibility that the old man's great fight for liberty was not unmixed with a need for battle for its own sake and even with an obsessive demand for self-mortification. He does not turn his hero into a lovable or a loving man. John Quincy Adams brought to the cause of Union, and of white and Negro freedom, faith and hope but little charity. He was a giant, nonetheless; and the stature of this fine book is fully equal to his.

—*From "Benjamin Henry Latrobe" (Painting by Kimmel, Philadelphia Academy of Art).*

Philadelphia Waterworks designed by Latrobe—"simplicity and originality."

Blueprint of an Architect's Life

"Benjamin Henry Latrobe," by Talbot Hamlin *(Oxford University Press. 633 pp. 40 plates. $15), is a full-length biography of the artist, engineer, and architect whose work was intimately associated with the development of American democracy and manners in the last century. Professor Anthony N. B. Garvan of the University of Pennsylvania, who reviews it below, is the author of "Architecture and Town Planning in Colonial Connecticut."*

By Anthony N. B. Garvan

ON SEPTEMBER 3, 1820, in New Orleans, Benjamin Henry Latrobe died of yellow fever at the age of fifty-six. Destitute but famous, pursued by harsh creditors and structural failures, the founder of bank and state architecture in the United States who had been born in Yorkshire, ended his life with only the comfort of a loving family to solace his frustrated hopes. The years that lay between his London apprenticeship and his American death become, under Talbot Hamlin's expert pen, a kind of symbol of the transit of Western taste to America in the early years of the Industrial Revolution.

The architectural heritage of Latrobe is clear. A follower of George Dance the younger, of Sir John Soane, and possibly of Claude-Nicholas Ledoux, he sought an architecture of simplicity and originality. He combined the daring use of vaults, the sense of interior volume, a strict simplicity of ornament, and the free use of classic orders to create a "plain style" or *architecture parlante.*

Yet however close Latrobe's English Hammerwood Lodge approached the lesser designs of Soane, his Philadelphia banks and houses took on a distinct character which can only partially be explained by the course of his personal fortunes. The buildings he built represented compromises between architect and client, between design and execution, and above all between democracy and the arts.

These compromises, inevitable in the transfer of so profound and creative an art as that of Latrobe from England to America, led to endless dispute and altercation. Professor Hamlin sides almost invariably with Latrobe, but so intense and so uniform were the disputes over almost all Latrobe's commissions I cannot help wondering if the critics did not have some basis in fact.

Professor Hamlin spells out through the solid detail of cornice construction the fundamental cultural dichot-

(*Continued on page* 33)

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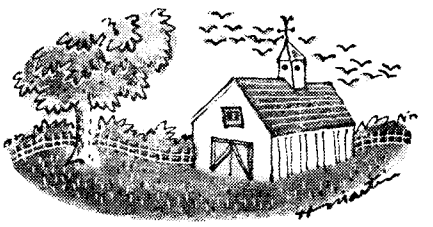

Why the Farmer Isn't Flourishing

"Can We Solve the Farm Problem?" by Murray R. Benedict *(Twentieth Century Fund. 601 pp. $5),* *and* ***"Full Prosperity for Agriculture"*** *(Conference on Economic Progress. 108 pp. Paperbound, 50¢) are reviewed here by Russell Lord, editor of the magazine* The Land.

By Russell Lord

"IF A MAN were porter of hell-gate," says the clown in "Macbeth," "He should have old turning of the key . . . Here's a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty; come in time; have napkins enough about you; here you'll sweat for't."

The jibe was probably an old one even then, as old as commercial agriculture. A big crop brought a low price. From lean yields the farmers were the first to eat and the first to profit. Historically, and for the long pull, the primary producers of food and fabric appear to thrive best in years of short supply, war, deprivation, and calamity. So it seems at least to the urban eye; and if in generally sunnier times of peace and plenty farmers are the first to go through the wringer of deflation, there is still a considerable tendency to let them sweat for it.

They sweated for it here in the 1920s. In the twelve long years from 1920 to 1932 farm foreclosures, normally three or four to the thousand, went up to thirty foreclosures for every thousand farms; and more than a million farm families were dispossessed. Then everything went to smash, or just about. Between 1929 and 1935 employment in industry went down 37.5 per cent; payrolls went down 58 per cent. Prices paid farmers, already low, sank further. By 1932 farm buying power was down to only about 60 per cent of what it was before the First World War.

This is remembered; and now that the some twenty-two million people who still depend directly upon farming for most of their living are again the first great occupational group to feel, quite sharply, the pinch of a post-war or interwar deflation, the enlarged and reassembled proposals of both "moderates" and "liberals" in both major parties are of a scope that would have seemed incredible in 1925.

The new books and pamphlet before me, I think it fair to designate as timed, entirely properly, to the approach of an election year. Murray R. Benedict's "Can We Solve the Farm Problem?" is subtitled "An Analysis of Federal Aid to Agriculture." It is a work of permanent value, historical in method, conservative in tone. The product of a group study undertaken in 1951, the analysis is balanced in the final chapter by a critical composition of the whole Committee on Agricultural Policy, and some individual notes of protest. Examples of the latter:

> What about the "surplus" of farm people? . . . What [other] jobs are available? What training will be needed? What help in moving and job hunting will be required? . . .
>
> What is plainly needed is a program to improve diets and stimulate consumption both at home and abroad. We should be experimenting boldly with food stamps, with expanded school lunches, with better marketing devices, and with other methods to keep abundance from becoming a curse.

A like line of protest is more aggressively developed by Leon H. Keyserling and a study staff of the Conference on Economic Development. Their pamphlet, "Full Prosperity for Agriculture," is an able and eloquent presentation of the "liberal" or leftward of "moderate" approach to full production and full employment. As more or less unreconstructed New Dealers, Mr. Keyserling and his associates regard present administration farm policies as negative, timid, and inhumane:

> Current farm policies stem from the thesis that the "surpluses" of farm commodities reflect surplus farm production plant; that the contrived deflation of farm income will reduce the farm plant and population; that less farm output will automatically raise farm prices and income; and that those forced out by the process will either land on their feet or have only their own "inefficiency" to blame if they land on their heads. . . . This is a sad throwback to the method by which other "surpluses"—including a labor "surplus"—were "cured" a generation ago. . . . The great progress of our general economy during the past quarter-century from boom-and-bust to improved stability, and from inhumanity to conscience, has rejected this mythology.

IF THERE be campaign material in this for the year ahead it will center, I imagine, on the designation of farm deflation as "contrived" and in part effected by present elaborations of the governmental apparatus set up in the 1930s for farm "relief." Can it be true that now, instead of simply plowing down every third row of cotton we are contriving to plow every third "little" farm family off the land and into the streets? I think not. I think that the initial Agricultural Adjustment Administration, for which I worked, was not contrived to strengthen the position of the "haves" among farmers and crowd out those of lesser means; but it probably did so unwittingly, by and large, and to that extent hastened accelerating forces of displacement. About one-fourth of our people were farming in 1930, as compared to one-third in 1915. Now only about one-sixth are farmers and soon it will be one-tenth. Mechanization and high capital costs make this inevitable. It costs about as much now to buy and equip an adequate farm plant—$50,000 or more—in most parts of this country as it did to start a country bank a generation ago.

The years of our farm pioneering have not ended, but our initial and total brutal concept of soil-mining for insatiable markets has changed. American farmers take far better care of the land now than they did when the first farm programs started; and that is one clear gain. Another gain, not always as clearly discernible, lies in a growing recognition that "surplus" problems both as to goods and jobs, are not simply economic problems; they are moral problems. And throughout the past third of a century, particularly we have sought more strenuously, boldly, and ardently than any other people in history to modify and conduct the profit system so that a balanced abundance of farm products may be more decently maintained and shared.

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The Latest on the Flying Saucer

"AT THIS moment there is at large in this country and in Europe," Siegfried Mandel wrote in "The Great Saucer Hunt" [SR Aug. 6, 1955], "a sizable group of men and women propelled by missionary fervor and determined to inform mankind that flying saucers from Venus and Mars have landed on our 'execrable' planet—a signal that it is high time for us to mend our petty ways. They are busy grinding out their visions in pamphlets, in amateurish magazine, newspaper, and book form, all the while assuring readers and members of 'flying saucer clubs' strung across the North American continent that the pure in heart who turn their eyes heavenward with soulful expectation may be rewarded by similar Venusian or Martian visitations."

In the past seven months the literature of flying saucers has been augmented by four important additions:

- *A document the size of a small-city telephone directory, issued last October by the U. S. Air Force, that reports on its investigation of some five thousand "saucer sightings." Secretary of the Air Force Donald A. Quarles summed up the official conclusions: "On the basis of this study we believe that no objects such as those popularly described as flying saucers have flown over the United States. I feel certain that even the 3 per cent [listed as 'unknown'] could have been explained as conventional phenomena if more complete observational data had been available."*
- *Three new books reviewed below by Mr. Mandel.*

Three New Books

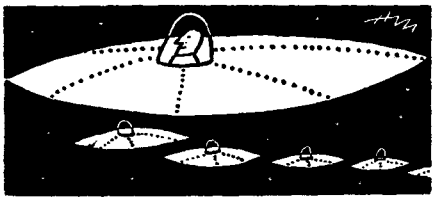
"FLYING SAUCERS UNCENSORED," by Harold T. Wilkins (Citadel Press, $3.50), like its predecessor, "Flying Saucers on the Attack," is a weird collection of hearsay and spooky gossip larded with intimations that supernatural specimens are using saucer vehicles to tour our planet. Mr. Wilkins calls for a readjustment of scientific thinking to encompass fourth-dimensional mutants—creatures and spaceships—who can change shape and activity at will. To support this plea he cites one "case" report after another, ranging from startled pilots to hysterical teen-agers.

- A sixteen-year-old Australian schoolgirl reports: [The flying saucer] "burst into light: a bluish, silver-gray light. It hovered twenty yards away on the top of the factory gate as if it wanted me to look for it, or as if it wanted to look for me."
- An Ohio woman reports a communique from one Ashtar, commander of the Vela space fleet, containing a warning against wars on earth which might endanger the solar system.
- April 29, 1954: At Jacksonville, Fla., housewives complain of holes of mysterious origin in newly laundered clothing.
- From Portugal Senhor Ferreira reports "two eight-foot giants in metal suits, who emerged from a thing like a flying cup."

Add to this one-eyed men seen in France and little bearded men seen in Italy. The reports are bundled into chapters and ominously tagged "The Coming of the Titans," "Unseen Worlds Without End," "Is There a Cosmic General Staff?" and "The Earth's Gravest Hour."

"THE FLYING SAUCER CONSPIRACY," by Donald E. Keyhoe (Henry Holt, $3.50), like its author's book, "Flying Saucers from Outer Space," reflects an attempt to stay closer to reality by using only cases registered with the Air Force, but its interpretations differ from those of the Pentagon. To buttress his conviction that the saucers are interplanetary machines Major Keyhoe turns to foreign authority. British Air Marshal Lord Dowling is quoted to this effect, and a spokesman of the Royal Australian Air Force is quoted as saying, "The flying saucers could be interplanetary. We should be able to fly into space in forty years. Why shouldn't people on other planets have already reached this stage?"

Typical of some "puzzlers" Major Keyhoe cites to prove his case is the affair of the jet plane stationed at Michigan's Kimross Air Force Base, which in 1953 raced after an unidentified flying object and disappeared on the radar screen after it had merged with the mysterious object. Since there were no traces of the plane or its two occupants, and official explanations were unsatisfactory, Major Keyhoe considers the possibility of "saucer kidnappers" who transported their victims to Mars.



Major Keyhoe's book is full of the logic practised by most saucer enthusiasts. Once they accept the idea of earth visitations by outerspace creatures and machines they follow up a weak assumption with still weirder conclusions. Major Keyhoe ultimately lapses into speculation that includes saucer bases and construction activity on the moon and hairy dwarfs which pilot the saucers.

"THE REPORT ON UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECTS," by Edward J. Ruppelt (Doubleday, $4.50), rehashes a good deal of old "saucer literature." However, the former head of the U. S. Air Force Project Blue Book does include material which other saucer enthusiasts have conveniently overlooked or glossed over in their writing. Mr. Ruppelt shows that in a number of instances when Air Force planes raced after what they supposed to be saucer craft these were later discovered to be weather balloons. He shows that some widely accepted reports of physical contact with saucers, such as the "Florida scoutmaster case," are patent fakes. In this case a scoutmaster claimed he was singed by a red ball of fire floating out of a saucer just as he was set to attack it with a machete. Subsequent inquiry showed that the man had a record as a congenital liar. Mr. Ruppelt describes the painstaking analysis to which Air Force material was subjected by a body of prominent scientists, whose conclusion was that there was nothing in it to support the thesis that outerspace creatures are visiting our earth. Yet, he is curiously indecisive in his own conclusions, leaving the door wide open to uninvited galactic guests.

—SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

Five New Looks

SR has asked five writers and other prominent personalities who have become interested in flying saucers to answer two questions:

Have you yourself ever seen a flying saucer?

What do you believe is the origin and the intent of the saucers?

HAROLD T. WILKINS, author of "Flying Saucers on the Attack" and "Flying Saucers Uncensored," resides in England.

I HAVE twice seen a flying saucer. Once on November 1, 1950, 6:20 P.M. (18.20) at Bexleyheath, Kent, twelve

(*Continued on page* 29)

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The New Ordeal

MORE than a decade before he became President Woodrow Wilson wrote his "History of the American People," a large, carefully written work which helped to consolidate for its author his reputation as one of the finest historians of the time.

No section of the history was more of a personal challenge to the author than the epic events leading up to the war between the American states. To the reader it almost seems as though Wilson, in the act of writing history, suffered the torment of Lincoln in living it. The sense of sadness is quickly felt. It is as though Wilson kept asking himself what he would have done. You are aware of the sense of tragedy rising in him as the war drew closer. You can feel him fighting against the pull of inevitability. Wilson was both Southerner and Northerner; his life and outlook had been divided between the two. He undertook no direct speculations as to how the war might have been averted; but the groping and probing of the spirit are there just the same, emerging out of the care with which he records the thoughts, actions, and passions of men of good will as the war moved down upon them and then consumed them.

No one really thought it would come to war, Wilson seems to say in every line. "The Southern people would not at the first choice have deliberately set themselves with open eyes to bring a war of revolution; the people of the North drew back at the first shock and surprise of secession, from coercion or violence, questioned anxiously what they should do, and hesitated as their government did."

Yet the war came, to the surprise of most and the horror of all. "Both governments had hoped to see the conflict ended by a mere show of force or by some sudden stroke . . . But after that there was neither doubt nor pause in the desperate business, and all the world saw how the flames of civil war had enveloped a whole continent . . . All things took their hue and subtle transformation from it: the motives of politics, the whole theory of government, the sentiment of duty, the very ethics of private conduct were altered as no half century of slow peace could have altered them."

Today strange and terrifying echoes are heard. The dreaded echoes reverberate in memories long stilled. The feeling is that of shadows once forgotten bulking large and moving towards a life of their own. A single case or incident has now served to gather up the loose ends of an issue never fully resolved. The case is symbolic. It is visible and engages the thoughts and fears of people who feel personally committed. The case has its origins in an interpretation of the nation's highest judicial body. And the law is now not merely being denied; it is being put down. To be sure, it is not being put down everywhere. Indeed, in most cases, sincere attempts are being made to follow it. But the one dramatic instance in which it has been put down has now become a rallying ground and the lines are forming.

THERE are, of course, mammoth differences between yesterday and today. First of all, the tragedy of separation itself has been historically experienced and verified. Next, there is the richening of the American mixture of the past fifty years. Millions of Americans have dispersed themselves over the whole of the nation, testing new soil, putting down roots. Instead of a regional and cultural hardening, there is only the widest shifting or transplanting.

But the very fact that the echoes are heard and felt becomes important and significant. And the most disturbing echo of all is the one which reminds us that in 1856 there were few if any who believed that the symbolic cases which then engaged the moral passions would ever get beyond the area of pronouncement or demonstration. The unthinkable became the actual in 1860 because there were enough men on both sides who interacted and had the same belief in inevitability and the power of coercion. They lived and worked at the extremes, helped to set the stage and to dominate it. In between was the majority—men like Lincoln in the North and Stephens in the South—who felt deeply about the issues, who were concerned about the interpretation of the Constitution, but who denied and abhorred the idea that combat was possible or feasible.

"You inquire where I now stand," Lincoln wrote to Joshua Speed in August 1855. "I think I am a Whig; but others say there are no Whigs, and that I am an Abolitionist. . . . I now do no more than oppose the extension of slavery." In his First Inaugural Address, in 1861, he took pains to remind the South that he had said many times before that "I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so." He made this part of his oath of office with "no mental reservations." And he declared for the indestructibility of the Union under the Constitution. The cause of the Union transcended all others.

In terms of moderation and good will, Lincoln had his counterparts in the South. But they weren't regarded as such by enough of their fellow Americans in the North. "It was the accusation of moral guilt in the matter of slavery that stung the Southern men most intolerably," Woodrow Wilson wrote. "They felt to the quick the deep injustice of imputing to them pleasure or passion or brutal pride of mastery in maintaining their hold upon the slaves. Many a thoughtful man among them saw with keen disquietude how like an incubus slavery lay upon the South; how it demoralized masters who were weak, burdened masters who were strong, and brought upon all alike enormous

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hopeless economic loss . . . . Southern gentlemen despised a slavetrader as heartily as any Northern man did, necessary though his occupation seemed to be; sold and bought slaves by private arrangement when they could; and sought in every way to keep the worst features of the system at a minimum.

"Probaby not more than one white man out of every five in the South was a slaveholder; not more than half had even the use or direction of slaves. Hundreds of the merchants, lawyers, physicians, ministers who were the natural ruling spirits of the towns owned none."

WHEN the chain reaction started, incidents were spewed up of a number and intensity to blot out the gradations and make of moderation an object of ridicule and folly on both sides. Today it is painful but necessary to recall these things. For if we have learned our history poorly we may have to relearn it. The need therefore is for national stocktaking of the highest magnitude.

The basic facts are large, but they are not obscure. The Supreme Court has interpreted the Constitution in a way that declares segregation in education to be unlawful. The Court recognizes that the practice of segregation cannot be ended overnight and leaves it to the states to work out the orderly processes by which this can be achieved in reasonable time. The public-school systems and universities of several states have made sincere and substantial beginnings. These efforts have been without undue strain and can so far be regarded as successful.

But in a few of the states political leaders have interposed themselves against the law. Some of them, who in other official roles have investigated subversion of the United States, now call for the subverting of the Constitution. In so doing, they have helped to fashion the mob whose stones have already been thrown and felt.

The facts are incomplete, however, without mention of something of paramount significance. It seems clear that the majority of the people of the Southern states today, like the overwhelming majority of their fellow Americans, support the actions required by the Court's decision. The Student Council of the University of Alabama unequivocably supported Autherine Juanita Lucy.

It would seem, therefore, that the first imperative for the nation as a whole is to make vital distinctions. The problem is only superficially a regional one; basically it is a national one. The discrimination practised in some of the Northern cities provides no basis for any feeling of a monopoly of moral virtue above the Mason-Dixon Line. Wholesale condemnations of one area by another or random calls for punitive action by Federal troops can only have the effect of strengthening the extremes against the middle. If strong declarations are to be made by the Northern groups as such, let them be declarations of encouragement and support for those American citizens on the spot who are active where it counts. There is a real need here for a closing of ranks—not on a geographical basis but on the basis of the human decencies and respect for the structure of constituted law. For law is the issue. And affirmative rather than retributive action can strengthen the processes of law even as it encourages the assertions of individual conscience.

SUCH assertions of individual conscience have special meaning for the United States in the image of itself as seen by the peoples of Asia and Africa today. This image has at least as much to do with the security of the nation as nuclear weapons or intercontinental ballistic missiles. In Calcutta several years ago I heard about an instance of affirmative action that made a strong impression on all Indians who knew of it. The incident concerned an Indian student who was traveling from St. Louis to Kansas City in the company of a minister and six or seven American students. The party stopped for lunch at a small restaurant. Though the restaurant was not crowded, no waiter came over to take the order. After fifteen minutes the minister caught the eye of the manager and beckoned him to the table.

The restaurant manager said he was sorry but the group could not be served because—and here he looked squarely at the Indian student—his restaurant did not wait on colored people. The minister listened quietly, then stood up and announced to the other diners that the group was leaving because it was unwelcome, since one of their number was an Indian student who had come to the United States to study American democracy at first hand under our Government's own educational exchange program.

After the group left the restaurant the Indian student looked back over his shoulder and saw that most of the other diners were leaving the restaurant too. He was not surprised by the fact that he had not been served. Indeed, he had anticipated far worse than this from what he had heard about America at a distance. But what did surprise and inspire him was the fact that so many Americans felt deeply about indignity and were working as individuals to correct it. When the Indian student returned to his country he told the story many times: each time he did so the reaction was first one of surprise, then one of excitement and pleased admiration.

The fact that we exist in a continental display case does not mean, of course, that everything we do should please the observers. But it so happens that the same kind of thought and action that can ennoble life inside the display case can give leadership to those on the outside. —N. C.

Natural History

By Rosalind Levine

THE WAXY petals of magnolia,
Modeled in wax upon their heartwide leaves,
Bloom in their box of glass as in a sea
That meets us near the sand-pale canvas doors.
We loiter; but the field guide moves ahead
To show us how an antelope is mounted
Or, in the close stench of a tannery,
How small a fraction of our life is flowers.

More rose than animal, the protozoa
Glitter, more snow than rose. Past shark and coral
We drift, past portholes of ebbing afternoon
Toward deserts luminous in the wake of rain.
O the pink petals of the ocotillo
That will not bloom for many months again,
Green cactus (with the actual thorn inside
The field guide tells us!) And the tall saguaro
Branches we saw on trays or from a train
Have texture, depth, change color when they bleed.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The City Around Us

IN *"Middle of the Night"* Paddy Chayefsky, thirty-three-year-old writer of "Marty," has written less of a play than a recognition of the whirlpools created within two ordinary human beings when they suddenly realize that their urban existences are desperately unsatisfactory. There is twenty-four-year-old Betty Price, who has left her husband because hers is merely a physical marriage. ("I said, 'George, won't you just hold me in your arms a little bit?' So he reached over and started feeling my leg.") Mr. Chayefsky points out that this is not an unusual situation by having one of Betty's friends explain, "You live, you get married, you have kids. Frank goes bowling on Thursday nights, I get to Macy's once a week, and that's it."

But is unmarried life any more satisfactory? Mr. Chayefsky shows us fifty-three-year-old Jerry Kingsley. Jerry, a widower and successful garment manufacturer, is faced with the alternative of patronizing prostitutes in a futile effort to prove he's not impotent or resignedly marrying some middle-aged woman without love. By a fortunate accident Jerry and Betty meet at the moment when each feels most desperately alone. When after three months' friendship they decide to get married it is with the violent disapproval of both their families. Because everyone assumes that a marriage can only be as successful as the husband's sexual prowess both sides stress the age differential, reverting to the shibboleth that any young man makes a better husband for any young girl than does any older man and vice versa. Other shibboleths pop up, such as the one that preservation of the family with its network of psychopathic indulgences comes ahead of the healthy solution of the individual's problems, or that races and religions should be kept separate in order to maintain a set of values that do not reflect contemporary actuality.

Mr. Chayefsky doesn't find answers for everyone onstage anymore than everyone finds answers in life. He has Jerry and Betty make their decision to marry for negative reasons. (She because a new physical encounter with her ex-husband revulsed her, and he because at least he'd have a couple of years' happiness). Jerry expresses their feeling simply, "Love is when you don't feel alone . . . when you feel so close to someone that the only way you can feel closer is to go to bed."

The playwright also offers no formula for preventing the deterioration of love into the less-exciting man-wife relationship he finds to be the rule in our society. And he does not worry about Betty as a potential forty-year-old widow. Rather, he is content to use this romance as a foreground object against which to contrast the more important background elements that make for crowded city loneliness.

In performing this drama the cast has done wonders in making the very ordinary dialogue and the familiar domestic wrangling into theatre that is both amusing and unsentimentally poignant. Edward G. Robinson brings his personal bag of deliberate gestures to put a bright edge on Jerry in the more mundane parts of the script. And in the more dramatic moments when he listens quietly and motionlessly or explodes under the pressure of cumulative irritation he drops all ornamentation to express magnificently the solitary quality of today's lost individual. Gena Rowlands makes a striking Betty, although she works with interior emotions to such an extent that we do not always feel that the intensity of her performance is justified. And the supporting performances are superb. Martin Balsam's harassed son-in-law is the best non-featured performance of the season. The moment at which he turns on his wife and then hastily apologizes in order to avoid an argument which would delay getting home to bed pinpoints the hopeless position of today's badgered young breadwinner. Nancy R. Pollock as Jerry's pathetically dependent sister is a memorable and clean-cut portrait as is June Walker's narrow mother and Betty Walker's morbid widow.

JOSHUA LOGAN'S direction has admirably blended the performances and, except for an opening sequence that resembles an illustration out of a slick magazine love story, has avoided the blatant theatricality that might have destroyed this understated play. Jo Mielziner's two quick-shifting apartments epitomize the dwellings of different income groups on New York's West Side. The device of film titles preceding each scene is helpful but reminds us that this play would be as good on the screen. Nevertheless, Paddy Chayefsky's honesty of approach and insight are basic to writing for all media. The theatre can use him.

—HENRY HEWES.

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—"QGHSJHDC

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 660

It's awful how much of our lives we spend just waiting.—"Ten North Frederick."

—JOHN O'HARA.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Clarinet, the Sea, and the Rain

ONE of Hollywood's favorite maxims would seem to be, "If at first you *do* succeed try, try again." With Universal's "Glenn Miller Story" already high on the list of all-time top-grossers it was perhaps inevitable that the studio immortalize on celluloid that other great jazz figure of the Thirties, Benny Goodman. In the works right now are "The Eddy Duchin Story" and one based on the life and times of Ben Bernie. I suppose if the cycle spins out long enough we may even get "The Shep Fields and His Rippling Rhythms Story." Somehow, though, after seeing **"The Benny Goodman Story"** I feel we may be spared. If nothing else, it proves that nostalgic music is not enough to sustain a whole picture; there has to be a story as well. And, the fact is, Benny's story just isn't strong enough to make a film about—not even when it's padded out with twenty-nine hit tunes.

Goodman, as probably everyone knows, began playing the clarinet when he was about ten. At sixteen he was sitting in with bands, and less than ten years later he had become America's official "King of Swing." His famous Carnegie Hall concert in 1938, which serves as the climax for this film, came when he was only twenty-eight. Obviously, not much drama here. With such slender plot material writer-director Valentine Davies might have been better advised to concentrate on a few genuinely dramatic high-lights (as he did in his script for "The Glenn Miller Story") and let the music carry the rest. Instead he insists on a full chronological treatment that gives something of the effect of those old vaudeville routines by popular song writers. And then I wrote . . ." The scenes are short, choppy, and invariably dissolve into another song number, producing a restless, aimless, formless feeling that pervades the entire film. It would be pleasant to be able to conclude this report with the note that the music makes it all worthwhile. Certainly Universal, as the publicity departments put it, "spared no expense" to reassemble most of the top stars of Goodman's all-star band. And when they swing out on such BG specials as "Sing, Sing, Sing" the soundtrack really rocks. Unfortunately, not many of the numbers are played through. A few short, choppy takes, a dissolve, and we're back in the story again. Better just to buy the LP.

* * *

The British have also caught onto the idea of reprising their successes, and while **"Doctor at Sea"** (Republic) doesn't quite measure up to its hilarious predecessor, "Doctor in the House," it still affords a generous quota of laughs. Just as the earlier film exploited the humorous side of an internship, so this one turns a quizzical eye on the medical profession afloat. Amiable young Dirk Bogarde signs on as ship's doctor aboard a tramp steamer, the *Lotus*, which is headed for the tropics and presided over by bearded, bellowing James Robertson Justice. The captain is no Queeg, but he does have his likes and dislikes—and much of the outbound humor is derived from the apprentice doctor's efforts to adjust the ethics of his profession to the demands of his chief for a throat remedy consisting largely of alcohol. The *Lotus* also picks up two women passengers, one a charming cabaret artiste, the other a man-hungry spinster. The girl, of course, goes to Bogarde, while the spinster does her best to win the crusty captain. More amusing are the knowing sea-dogs who teach the young doctor the knot-tier ropes of a life at sea.

* * *

"Miracle in the Rain" (Warners) is by Ben Hecht, who once wrote hard-talking melodramas like "The Front Page" and brilliantly satiric comedies like "Nothing Sacred." Perhaps he is snickering up his sleeve at the rubes who will buy and believe his "miracle," a shamelessly sobby little drama about a girl (Jane Wyman) who falls in love with a soldier (Van Johnson). The soldier, who spouts a loud, poetical prose, is eventually killed in combat, but the girl goes on believing that someday he will return. And, sure enough, one rainy night on the steps of St. Patrick's Cathedral he slips a medallion into her hand. Then *she* dies. And an unctuous voice says, "Well, that's the story. We would like to believe it really happened." I doubt that Hecht believes it happened, but I can imagine him calculating how profitably this shabby exploitation of misery, compassion, and religious conviction ought to turn out.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

The Rubinstein Series—"Rosenkavalier"—Heifetz

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN'S comprehensive survey of the piano concerto literature seemed, in prospect, likely to produce a substantial quantity of beautiful performance with the inevitable fluctuations in quality from this to that work. After listening to six of the seven concerti in the first two programs, the conclusion is inescapable that if he doesn't play everything—Mozart and Rachmaninoff, Beethoven and Liszt—better than anybody, there are very few who play anything as well as he does.

The fact is that Rubinstein typifies the old-fashioned era when a pianist was merely a pianist—which is to say a master of the instrument and its repertory. He confronts the present genre of interpreters as one apart, not merely in ability and outlook, but also in his sense of continuity where the instrument and its literature are concerned.

It is this sense of continuity, of the embracing likenesses rather than the incidental differences between the elements of that mighty repertory, which gives weight and substance to an endeavor that might otherwise seem showy and self-glorifying. Without indulging in program notes or other didactic addenda, he has arranged a series of programs not only varied and well-balanced but displaying a range of pianistic possibilities few ever have the opportunity to sample at a sitting. So far he has functioned with the most acute differentiation of styles in the Mozart-Beethoven-Grieg-Liszt evening. It began with a playing of the Mozart A major (No. 23) done in an integrated, chamber-music manner with the orchestra (Philharmonic) well-directed by Alfred Wallenstein, progressed to the Beethoven No. 4 in a musically subtle and pianistically magnificent performance, moved on to the Grieg, in a rhapsodic vein, with the sound of the instrument completely transformed from what it had been an hour before.

For those fortunate enough to hear the series from the beginning, Rubinstein spoke his mind on what he considers the touchstone of the whole literature by beginning it with the Beethoven "Emperor." I am not divulging any secret because I merely deduce it from the place of prominence it occupied and the way it was performed. As conceived by Rubinstein on large lines and with a massive tonal production, it presented a still unsurpassed fresco of design and meaning, color and detail by which everything to come might be measured. And though it was a perilous leap with which to set out on the long journey, it was at once the *beau geste* —the invitation to disaster which, once surmounted, made all to come that much more stimulating.

Since no such series has even been attempted hereabouts in a couple of decades (Ossip Gabrilowitsch did some wonderful playing in a cycle with the National Symphony Orchestra directed by Leon Barzin in the late Thirties, but the concerts were spaced weeks apart) it may be permissible to dwell on it a bit further. The pervasive fact about all the performances to date have been their essential masculinity, their sense of power in reserve, of long line and firm purpose. No languishing, no overproduction of sound, an economy of means always accommodated to the work in hand. The Wallenstein-directed orchestra has given a full measure of cooperation throughout, emphasizing rhythmic precision and clarity of detail. To be sure, the orchestral sound offers little personal to the leader, but Rubinstein has enough for both.

LACKING the wherewithal for a new production of "Der Rosenkavalier"—a sad need at the Metropolitan for over twenty years—Rudolf Bing provided the next best thing for the season's first performance. This was half a "new" production (the area of the old "flats" was newly repainted by Rolf Gerard with some new architectural details imposed on them) and half a new cast, with Rudolf Kempe knitting together such familiar elements as Risë Stevens in her ever-admirable Octavian, and Hilde Gueden, a cherishable Sophie, with Lisa della Casa as a new Marschallin and Otto Edelmann, likewise, as Baron Ochs.

As most people of operatic interests are aware, there has been no outstanding Marschallin at the Metropolitan since Lotte Lehmann's retirement. Eleanor Steber, Helen Traubel, and Astrid Varnay have tried, but not persisted. Miss della Casa, let us be thankful, if not yet a great Marschallin is a very good one. Like her illustrious predecessor, she has sung the other two female roles of the work successfully, which adds something to her feeling for the opera as a whole.

She is, of course, a handsome woman, and her beauty is more than skin deep. She radiates charm and elegance, two qualities highly desirable in a suitable Marschallin. Vocally Miss della Casa provides a lovely blend of warm middle-register sound and shimmering top, of special value in the final trio where Strauss has interlaced the voices in such a way that some compromise must usually be made for the soprano able to provide what is needed in Act I. Her first-act monologues are still a little light and vocally tentative, without the full introspection they require, but all the elements exist for a steady expansion. As for the bloom of youth still on the part, time, alas, will take care of that. In the meanwhile Miss della Casa might give thought to some stronger inflections of the spoken text, such as her denunciation of the "schlechte Kerl" Ochs.

It may be that the denunciation of Ochs-Edelmann was not more outspoken because he doesn't, really, inspire any such strong reactions. His is a rather refined country cousin, indulging in outbursts of lustiness not because it is really his nature, rather because he is conscious of his responsibilities as a "life of the party" type. His flexible voice gives pliancy and ease to the parts of the text which bother some (the famous top F in Act II came through with ringing

(*Continued on page* 63)

On Taking a Shower

By John Nixon, Jr.

NOT SIMPLE water but the transparent blood
Of princes pelts my shoulder blades. My lids
Are stung by drops from a dynastic flood
Evaporated from the Pyramids.

Condensed in air once breathed by Charlemagne,
This liquid dyed the sultans' scimitars.
But that was bloods ago. Now with such rain
I wash away the dust that was the Czars.

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The Latest on the Flying Saucer

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miles from central London. It was a luminous ball, seen by me on a clear night, and I watched it pass into a band of cirrocumulus cloud in the zenith and even twenty minutes later it had not reappeared. Also, on July 23, 1954, at 6:25 A.M. (06.25) when a strange red cylinder, with no wake or exhaust, no ports, rudders, or gear passed, ten minutes after the end of seasonal, sub-stratosphere British Royal Air Force maneuvers, with which it was *not* connected. It was visible over low hills of Chislehurst, Kent, and passed towards the southern shires of England.

No one *knows* the intent of the flying saucers or their geographical origin, although one may suspect that they may use the moon or even Mars as a stopover place—in any cosmic trip to our earth. So far as my fairly extensive and worldwide data go I have no evidence that any friendly contact has been made by these flying saucer entities with people of the earth and therefore I have as yet nothing whatever on which to dogmatize.

DONALD E. KEYHOE, retired U.S. Air Force major, author of "Flying Saucers from Outer Space" and "The Flying Saucer Conspiracy."

I HAVE never seen a flying saucer ɔut in 1952 I saw a UFO [Unidentiied Flying Object] tracked by radar ıt the control center of Washington Vational Airport. I have simply tried o do a straight reporting job collectng authentic and verified reports.

The beings who control the saucers believe are attempting to learn all ɔossible details of our civilization, the arth's atmosphere and climate, with he intention of eventually making ontact. Whether their motives are :iendly, neutral, or hostile I do not now, but so far I have seen no conlusive proof that they are hostile. I elieve that the saucers, or some of ıem, are using Mars and more :cently the moon as bases of operaon for their reconnaissance of the ırth. It is possible the saucers origıate from Mars but this has not been :oved.

DWARD J. RUPPELT headed an Air ɔrce investigation into flying saucers ır two years and is author of "The eport on Flying Objects."

MYSELF have never seen a flying sau:r. An answer to the question of the tent of these flying saucers and their igin would be nothing but wild eculation.

)NALD H. MENZEL, professor of trophysics, director of the Harvard College Observatory and author of "Flying Saucers."

ANYONE who is prepared to believe those authors who claim to have seen a flying saucer land, to have talked with its occupants, or even to have ridden in a saucer should realize that the documentation is of the flimsiest. When we note that the theories proposed by the saucer occupant strongly resemble the psychoceramic (*i.e.*, crack-pot) theories concocted by uneducated cranks to explain the workings of the universe we may properly suspect the entire works. Other writers, though they may not have seen a flying saucer themselves, list sighting after sighting in an attempt to show conclusively that these sightings could not possibly have a simple explanation in terms of known, natural phenomena.

Certain of these writers have maintained that the Air Force has classified the subject of saucers because the general public is not ready to contemplate the fact of a potential invasion from outer space. Unfortunately, the most concrete evidence for the belief in the existence of flying saucers in the first place is the fact that the Air Force has seen fit to classify information concerning them. I have considered this classification unwise since the saucers in no wise threaten National Security.

I have seen many flying saucers and a great majority of them are reflections from a material object like a distant balloon, a distant plane, a peculiar cloud, a piece of paper, the feather of a bird, or a spider web. Bright stars and planets have accounted for their share. Certain flying saucers are due to ice crystals in the atmosphere or to peculiar effects of refraction. The effects can be startling—even frightening. And yet they are in no sense mysterious if one has the facts of science to work with. I had the good fortune to see one of the famous green fireballs of New Mexico, in fact the very one mentioned by Donald Keyhoe in "The Flying Saucer Conspiracy." I saw it from White Sands, the night of September 18, 1954, where half a dozen astronomers and their families were having a picnic. We all saw it and agreed that it was beautiful and spectacular—but not mysterious. The greenness comes from the abundant element magnesium. Keyhoe states that the fireball was at 20,000 feet, whereas my calculations indicated that it was at least 350,000 feet above the earth.

Flying saucers are natural phenomena, have been visible for centuries in many cases, and pose no problem. They are not, even by the remotest stretch of imagination, vehicles from outer space.

JACKIE GLEASON, the noted entertainer, reflects the opinion of many other laymen who also are convinced that flying saucers are real.

I HAVE never seen a flying saucer anywhere personally but have read published flying saucer literature. Most of this literature is ridiculous, but amongst the trash there are some undeniable points that cannot be refuted even by the United States Government.

The most concrete evidence that saucers are real is the fact that there was an organization of scientists called "The Rock Hounds," who believed that there actually were flying saucers. They recorded on machines for just that purpose radioactivity beyond normal wherever the saucers were sighted. The entire story is told in a portion of Edward J. Ruppelt's book, "The Report on Unidentified Flying Objects."

As for the intent of the flying saucers and their geographic origin, I am not sure where they originate but it is almost certain that their jumping off place is the moon. I think that their purpose in visiting us is to get geographic information and to find out all that they would have to contend with if they decide to make an absolute communication with us.

—Lynn Hawkins. *—Walter R. Fleischer.*

Donald Keyhoe, Edward J. Ruppelt, Donald H. Menzel, Jackie Gleason.

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Fiction

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suspicion that clouds the happiness of the newlyweds. While the historian discovers—incidentally, long after the reader does—that his "Mary" is identical with the "Maria" who has been the heroine of an altogether unique protest action amid a massacre of Jews on the Polish frontier, he is not allowed equally soon to solve the riddle of her first husband's death.

The plot is well built up; the swift-moving scenes, including the account of a trip to Germany, do not lack logic; and the neat writing of the author, who also has a fine talent for description, is likely to carry the reader along. —ROBERT PICK.

ALSO NOTED: "Bikka Road," by Kathleen Sully (Coward-McCann, $2.75), sees Belle Hoppe exchanging prostitution for British small-town respectability. She produces seventeen offspring—mostly delinquent, the most prominent of which is her simple-minded daughter Edie, who becomes the grizzly subject of an abortion-murder. An incredible number of unappetizing characters and some terse prose intended to create realism fail to liven either the "Tobacco Road" milieu or the reader's interest. The novel is mercifully brief.

"Honey from a Dark Hive" (Rinehart, $3.75) is Bernice Kavinovsky's story of two uninhibited lovers, a Jewish girl and a Catholic boy, who run up against barriers of inhibitions set up by parents and friends in a Pennsylvania mining town. The author sympathetically details the lovers' emotional binges after their marriage plans are broken up by the girl's mother (who has a stroke) and the boy's mother (who reveals he is a love child). The ending is tragic and the moody poetizing is reminiscent of the author's earlier "All the Young Summer Days."

"Bianca," by Mabel Cronquist (Putnam, $4), features the roguery and romp of court life in the Italian Renaissance. In the tradition of historical romances, the heroine tangles with nobility's villains but, unlike her "sisters," she is content to live happily-ever-after with the court jester. This florid titillater is designed for indoor-hammock reading.

"The Royal Anne Tree," by Patrici Campbell (Macmillan, $3.50), takes readers back to the early 1800s when the Northwestern timberlands were still pioneer country. It was Louise's misfortune to marry her widowed Uncle Herman Feltz, a brutal and avaricious sort who turned their home into a prison. When the long-sufferin

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Louise finally bashes Herman as he is about to shoot her departing admirer she literally brings the whole melodramatic rigmarole to a head. Miss Campbell has visited the same locale in four earlier novels; it seems high time for a change.

"Work of Darkness," by Jack Karney (Putnam, $3.50), follows the twisted lives of three ill-fated young hoodlums as members of a gang on New York's Lower East Side. Mr. Karney, author of "Cop" and a district-attorney staffer, bleakly records raw emotions and language in a topical blend of sensationalism and documentary. Discouragingly enough, there seems little room for hope in Mr. Karney's grim account.

"Fräulein," by James McGovern (Crown, $3.50), tells the story of Russian and American treatment of Berliners in the early postwar jungle years. Fräulein Erika survived by stretching her physical capacities to embrace the role of bed-companion, lady wrestler, and night-club hostess until she finally landed an honorable American millionaire. Erika is used as a symbol of the "little German" who made the fatal mistake of not protesting against domestic militarists' designs and lived to regret it. Mr. McGovern, who served five years in Germany for our Government, has a decided flair for graphic detail and fluid narrative.

"Out of the Dust," by Lars Lawrence (Putnam, $4.50), pictures a Southwestern company-owned coal town gripped by stark terror in the wake of mass eviction of unemployed miners and a riot in which Sheriff McKelway dies a martyr. The scene is the Thirties, and the conflict between vested interests and Hispano miners is powerfully etched. Like "Morning, Noon and Night," the first novel in Mr. Lawrence's contemplated trilogy, this dramatic package is weakened by long-drawn, bombastic editorializing in the somewhat old-fashioned, social-protest vein.

"The Frigate Captain," by Showell Styles (Vanguard, $3.50), is a sea yarn drawn from historical records of the Napoleonic conflict, showing Captain Lord Cochran's harassing exploits against the French enemy both with a sloop armed by four-pounder popguns and later a frigate. He was no match, though, for thieving British politicians whose stakes he endangered by his outspokenness. Exile followed and then belated exoneration. If this taut, salt-sprayed novel is typical of Mr. Styles's other output popular in England American publishers ought to pay greater attention to a talented storyteller who rates a berth with C. S. Forester. —S. M.

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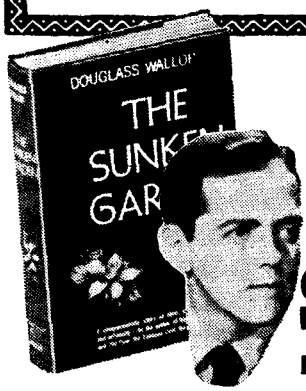

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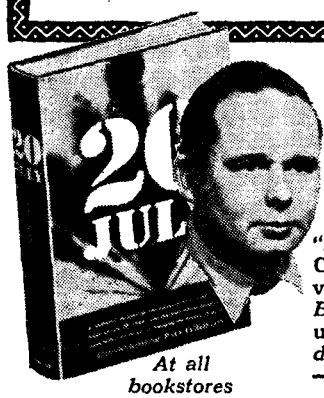

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Washington: A Birthday Reminder

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history of our country. The history of the United States records another equally significant governmental development, the growth of republican self-government. Instead of being governed by a hereditary king and a distant Parliament with rotten-borough representation, we developed a Republic with representative institutions in the fullest sense. The man who votes became the ruler.

With the growth of the "New Freedom" innovation was made with respect to liberty and freedom. Its proponents believed the state could give the citizens real liberty only by widening governmental functions to mitigate the consequences of social and economic inequality. When that idea was coupled with the universal franchise the way was opened for every man to be a king indeed! And the only restraint upon government so conceived as our own when it disregards the conditions of freedom and freedom itself is the self-restraint of an understanding citizenry. Vigilance and service from each of us are essential if the blessings of freedom and liberty are to survive.

THERE is a great example of what the citizen in the Republic should be. On the twenty-third of December 1783 General George Washington appeared before Congress to resign his commission after the Revolution. He read a brief message which concluded with these words: "Having finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action; and bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission and take my leave of all the employments of public life."

Washington was a national hero. Congress had voted that an equestrian statue be made of him. Lesser men, aware of their own probable reaction, feared Washington might make himself dictator or king. Such an idea was never entertained by him. Every military leader similarly circumstanced for 1,800 prior years had chosen the role of king or emperor. Had Washington made the choice others had made before him he could have appeased his conscience. His usurpation could have been justified as repayment for his financial losses suffered while he served in the Revolution. His 8,000 acres at Mt. Vernon had been neglected, rent had not been collected on his western lands, his lands in Ohio had been offered for sale in Philadelphia and even in Europe as the property of other men. Debts owed him had not been paid or, if so, they had been paid in the depreciated currency "not worth a Continental." With a self-restraint unusual in history, Washington chose what he called the "greatest of earthly rewards: the approbation and affection of a free people."

Before three years had passed in "domestik ease and happiness" the new nation which George Washington had done so much to give its start was falling apart. Upon the need to strengthen the national government, giving it power to raise revenue and regulate commerce, Washington said, "If we are afraid to trust one another under qualified powers there is an end of the Union." He argued, "We are either a united people or we are not. If the former lets us, in all matters of general concern, act as a nation."

Soon conventions to consider constitutional revision were called, first at Annapolis and then in Philadelphia. Great pressure was put upon Washington to attend. His presence was needed as presiding officer. Should he again abandon the pleasant calm of rural life, the acres he had been working hard to put again in order, his experimentations with herbs, seeds, and trees, his fox chasing to the sweet music of his hounds? It was with reluctance that the old soldier returned to public duty with its inevitable quarrels.

Washington not only was returning to public duty. He was risking in a now-divided country that universal affection which he prized so much. Whether or not the Constitutional Convention would succeed was problematical. Friends warned him that "the proceedings . . . will more immediately be appropriated to you than to any other person."

The Constitution which came out of the Philadelphia convention was a bundle of compromises. Nevertheless, it had much to recommend it. Several states ratified it before Virginia. The Virginia vote was crucial, for the Old Dominion was geographically strategic. Ratification was opposed there by some of Washington's close friends. Even bitter opponents took for granted Washington's lack of self-interest, knowing he was never swayed in public matters by considerations of personal gain. Approval came by a slim majority of ten. "Be assured," James Monroe said, "General Washington's influence carried this government."

Popular opinion demanded that Washington be the first President. He again expressed his preference: "The growing infirmities of age and the increasing love of retirement daily confirm my predilection for domestic life: and the Great Searcher of human hearts is my witness that I have no wish which aspires beyond the humble and happy lot of living and dying a private citizen on my own farm." His predilections could not withstand the inevitable; he had to consent to become President.

His foremost biographer, Douglas Southall Freeman, explained: the only real question Washington had was, "Is the good of the country at stake?" If so he was willing to risk his much prized reputation and give his waning years in the highest public office. His platform was simple. "If I know myself," Washington said, "I would not seek or retain popularity at the expense of one social duty or more virtue." He launched the new government as its first President.

Freedom depends upon a stern sense of duty, unselfish devotion, and more integrity akin to Washington's. As Chateaubriand declared, "The name of Washington will spread with liberty from age to age."

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Americana

Continued from page 21

omy of Englishman and American. From building foreman to Congressman, Latrobe encountered an almost continuous wall of hostility familiar enough to the modern anthropologist but almost inexplicable to the nineteenth-century architect. In his failure to comprehend the roots of his adversaries' attitudes Latrobe caused his own bankruptcy and, perhaps luckily, remained always the visitor to American shores. Only in his romantic views and impressions of the American scene did he find visual solace for his hurts. For Latrobe was a professional architect and throughout his life fought for the integrity of his chosen career in a country which by virtue of inherited building techniques scorned the professional architect. As a consequence he found acceptance as an engineer and artist in many ways more readily than as an architect and this led him to extend his endeavors beyond his professional capacities and trainings.

In his ability to relate construction to social history Talbot Hamlin in his "Latrobe" recalls Summerson's "Georgian London." Latrobe's buildings were intimately connected with the growth of American democracy, with American manners and American society during the last century. The design of the Capitol building, the dispute with the grasping Fulton and the Livingstons, the direction of the Philadelphia waterworks, each fit a niche of developing American national industrial or urban life. In this connection, Mr. Hamlin might have laid even greater emphasis on the architect's drawings and sketchbooks. While the format of the book allows more than one hundred illustrations it fails to convey the immense richness of these sketches.

This full-length study of Latrobe as artist, engineer, and architect certainly ranks among the three most competent lives of American architects. Only Frank Lloyd Wright's "Autobiography" and Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer's "Henry Hobson Richardson and His Works" combine a like richness of documentary material and personal sympathy.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE FUGITIVE *Georges Simenon* (Doubleday: $2.95)	Baltic student nurtures hate in Liége *pension*, flees slowly to Arizona; enter coincidence.	Copless psychological study, with some suspense; Maigret could have handled this.	Fictional case history.
MURDER AT THE FLEA CLUB *Matthew Head* (S&S $2.75)	Yank art dealer in Paris distressed as songstress takes skull dent; female medical missionary plays eye.	Agreeable writing, but anticipation belies suspense; sodium pentathol present.	Up and down.
LET DEAD ENOUGH ALONE *Richard and Frances Lockridge* (Lippincott: $2.50)	Capt. Heimrich, NY state cop, looks into seeming suicide (or accident), plops for murder, traps culprit after second slaughter.	Nice detection all the way, with sketchy electric system adding to chill and suspense; not overpeopled either.	Nice going.
COMPARTMENT K *Helen Reilly* (Random: $2.75)	Manhattan murder has repercussions in Canadian Rockies: New York cops, mounties in on it.	Too many people show too soon; pink poodle, horses, in cast; ladies' garb detailed.	Intricate, emotional.
ONE TEAR FOR MY GRAVE *Mike Roscoe* (Crown: $2.50)	Johnny April, KC eye, finds corpse in client's mansion; cops, bookies, molls display interest.	Hot stiff in car added attraction; more dialogue than action; put-put-put style.	Side-of-mouth job.
EXIT CHARLIE *Alex Atkinson* (Knopf: $2.75)	English repertory company tizzied by off-stage murder; admirable cops take over direction.	Fine blend of chase, comedy, and character, with sound detection; author's first mystery is A-1.	Good theatre.
POSTMARK MURDER *Mignon G. Eberhart* (Random: $2.95)	Tiny Polish refugee gal crux of Chicago killings; Lt. Peabody asks the questions, and sharply.	Much conversation in this longish job; lady-in-distress angle big factor; love finds a way.	Author's 32d.
THE YELLOW TURBAN *Charlotte Jay* (Harper: $2.75)	Footloose English gent accepts mysterious Pakistan assignment; finds body in Karachi bed.	Lady also involved; much curry eaten; pace moderate; native population OK.	Wispy.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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(Continued on page 34)

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(Continued from page 33)

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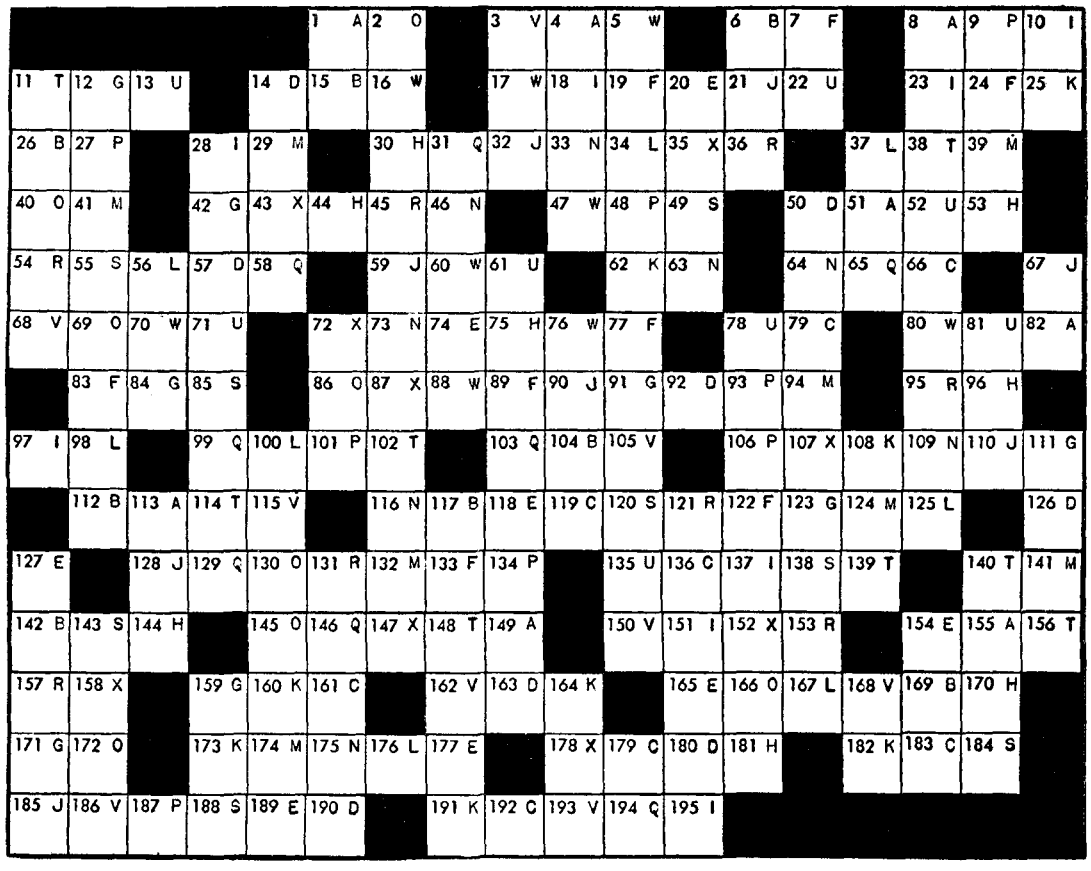
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A central part; as, in Gk. mythology, of the Earth, of a literary work, etc.	51 155 8 1 4 82 113 149
B. A chemical from egg yolk, soy bean, etc., used commercially as an emulsifier.	112 169 26 117 6 15 104 142
C. Angel who found Satan "squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve" in "Paradise Lost."	179 79 136 119 161 183 66 192
D. An uncivilized person (from ancient Roman history).	180 92 190 163 50 126 14 57
E. Brought about, frequently in face of difficulties.	20 127 165 118 74 189 154 177
F. Invest with sovereign power or dignity.	89 122 77 83 24 7 133 19
G. Dark costume—skirt, cape, veil—worn by Turkish women.	42 91 84 111 12 171 123 159
H. Bank of small levers on an organ, piano, etc	75 181 144 30 96 44 170 53
I. Eliminated by progressive crowding, by little and little (2 wds.).	151 97 23 10 195 137 18 28
J. English colloquialism for a person who behaves acceptably by certain standards (2 wds.).	67 128 32 185 90 59 21 110
K. Colorful feature of entertainment world, southern Midwest, years ago.	164 182 62 173 191 160 25 108

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. So snugly built as to prevent the passage even of lubrication.	98 34 176 125 100 56 37 167
M. A European cocklebur named for its present Australian habitat.	124 29 41 94 174 141 39 132
N. Quantity adequate for a swallow when eating or drinking.	46 73 175 64 109 63 33 116
O. Lump of ferment intermittently rising and bubbling in brew (2 wds.).	69 172 166 86 40 145 2 130
P. Clumsy; insincere; malicious (comp.).	9 27 106 101 48 187 93 134
Q. Somewhat unusual word for in a different way.	194 58 103 31 129 65 146 99
R. Stamp again with the alphabet, as for an index.	45 121 131 36 157 95 153 54
S. The white neckwear worn with conventional formal evening attire (2 wds.).	85 188 143 138 184 120 55 49
T. Temporary things.	38 156 102 148 140 139 114 11
U. "Vinegar Joe" (1883-1946).	22 61 78 71 135 13 52 81
V. Demonstrated ways and means (2 wds.).	105 162 68 150 186 115 168 193 3
W. Without scales (word from botany and zoology).	76 5 17 60 70 88 80 47 16
X. Engraving on wood, or the impression made from one.	147 158 35 87 178 152 107 72 43

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 18 of this issue.

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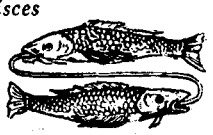
Pisces



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PARADOX IN BLUE

George Gershwin (*c.* 1930).

By IRVING KOLODIN

THE SUBSTANTIAL fact about George Gershwin, I think, is that at this time, nearly twenty years after his death, more of his music is being played and sung than at any previous time. Even those who thought they knew all the worthwhile Gershwin tunes are startled to discover a new fresh one on records, from time to time, as busy devotees burrow into hitherto obscure scores: the major pieces are constantly being heard and reheard, and the practically worldwide tour of "Porgy" is still exploring new areas of penetration.

All this would seem to make the man in want of a full-length biographical and critical study, a task to which David Ewen has addressed himself in **"Journey to Greatness"** (Holt, $5). It is a painstaking effort to do a book worthy of the subject. Ewen has researched his subject thoroughly, interviewed or corresponded with virtually anyone who might have anything of value to say, straightened out a number of factual points, provided a budget of information more ample than anything previously available. The illustrations are both numerous and nostalgic, evoking a period as conclusively—if not so distantly—past as the Vienna of Brahms or the Paris of Berlioz.

Ewen makes clear that the family Gershovitz (the familiar form came later, also the change of the composer's

(Continued on page 60)

By ABRAM CHASINS

THE durability of the "Rhapsody in Blue," "Concerto in F," and "An American in Paris" must be puzzling to those who never quite certified George Gershwin. Internationally, and for over a quarter of a century now, these works, despite their obvious organizational defects, have exerted a magnetic power to pull throngs into concert halls. But it takes a naivete equal to Gershwin's esthetics to attribute his prestige merely to the banal taste or imperfect culture of a vast audience. It fails to explain why—suddenly in Gershwin—form and matter, means and ends, are not quite the inseparables we thought they were. It seems evident that in Gershwin's large-form works, the telling accident of genius has clearly outweighed every theoretical and technical issue. Otherwise there seems to me no sound explanation for the phenomenal and abiding impact of his music.

In the small song-form Gershwin is the complete master. In his inimitable musical-comedy and film scores, his music holds long scenes together admirably. Here we remember that he worked with the aid of expert collaborators—notably brother Ira, an artist in his own right. "Porgy and Bess" is a throbbing masterpiece, for all its unorthodoxies. It is in the instrumental works that Gershwin's ideas are framed within formulas, hampered from taking full flight with that freedom which stems only from solid knowledge and inexorable discipline.

Gershwin's achievements are far beyond those attainable by technical processes alone. He had inspiration, the lifegiving element in art. A work without it, no matter how perfectly constructed, cannot endure. Inspiration may inhabit a march or a mass. It may pervade a pot-boiler or a masterpiece. It still remains the magic to which the great heart of the public is as susceptible as the most exacting expert. Gershwin's concert works contain the unanswerable potency of emotional communication to the man on the street, whether he walks in Hongkong, Moscow, or New York. And that's all Gershwin ever wanted.

He spoke of it in days of obscurity, from the days of our first meeting. In those days we both lived in Harlem,

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just a few blocks away from each other. I was a sober sixteen, he an exuberant twenty-one. The age difference was dissolved by mutual interests; girls, tennis, but mainly music. George was then a songplugger for Remick, the owner of three small songs and many big ideas. The things which made him so special to me were his confidence, force, and love for music; his incredible ease, joyous spontaneity, and originality at the piano. He was the only pianist I ever heard who could make a piano laugh, really laugh. Above all, George brought me the fresh and forbidden fruits of a jazz world which my parents and teachers had carefully taught me to resist and reject.

We soon got into a fight. My nose was stuck to the musical grindstone. George was having a love-affair with music; no regular piano practice, no slaving away at theory, harmony, counterpoint, orchestration, or form. One day on the corner of Lenox Avenue and 113th Street in 1919 he confided more of his big ideas. "George," I said, "Don't you think it would be a good idea to take some lessons from Goldmark? Nobody can do what you want to do without basic training." He stood still and glared at me. "You're just the kind of person who's keeping me from doing my great work," he shouted and stamped off, leaving me standing. We didn't speak for almost a year. Meanwhile, the musical comedy career which eventually won a Pulitzer Prize was already launched with "La La Lucille" and Gershwin's "Swanee" blared from every phonograph and player-piano.

We patched up our quarrel and resumed a friendship that continued through the Twenties. Those times, those days! How often I think of them. The nerves of our postwar generation were stretched like taut wires. Spiritually we wavered between old ideals which we could neither trust nor re-capture and the chilling vacuum of an uncertain destiny. Exhausted by emotion and suspense, we sought security and escape from deep feelings. We used our energies to run and forget. Remembering was too painful. We exercised like mad. And we worked hard, although I can't quite recall how or when. More vividly do I remember our dizzy social lives. The parties, the yachts, the speakeasies, the gorgeous women and amusing men, and everyone so plush. Everyone so busy. We never had time to look at the sky or the task at hand. Nevertheless, music was somehow the focal point of all our interests and activities.

The music of an epoch is never an isolated phenomenon. The classics are always the classics. But "serious" contemporary music had become the province of cliques. Repudiation was their banner. Repudiation of romantic ideals, of impressionism and of expressionism too. Interior vision, all the richness of subjective emotions were out. The death of sentiment was proclaimed, the path cleared for a "scientific" art whose exponents wrote for themselves and each other, entirely estranged from the public. Popular music, apart from "blues" and the best tunes of men like Kern and Berlin, consisted of oom-pah rhythms, infantile harmonizations, melodic molasses, and verbal inanities.

The brothers Gershwin—"Ira, an artist in his own right."

There was, then, an Iron Curtain between "bad music" and "good music." In 1924 Gershwin demolished it with his "Rhapsody in Blue." It was his passport to immortality, with which he linked the classical and popular worlds of music. The "Rhapsody" was its anthem, and George became the musical man-of-the-hour.

Many celebrated musicians and critics got on the bandwagon, enchanted no less by the freshness, vitality, and radiance of the man's personality than by those same qualities in his music. For every musician who found the "Rhapsody" disorganized, blatant, and derivative, there were a dozen others earnestly urging the virtually untutored Gershwin to write works of symphonic scope. He needed no great persuasion. Few would who basked in such idolatry, who could read of their work what Harry Osgood wrote of the "Rhapsody"—"a more important contribution to music than Stravinsky's Le Sacre." The comment was typical of that Babylonian era in which every conservatory suckling was writing elephantine orchestral works without any sense of sin or responsibility. But men like Gershwin shake all pious and pedantic concepts. Within two years of completing his "Concerto in F" he was to see no less a master than Ravel write a piano concerto irresistibly influenced by his own.

Looking back, it occurs to me that Gershwin's explosive rejection of formal study may have been a piece of wisdom. He may have known then that he could not submit to comprehensive discipline without a serious loss of inspiration. In this he would show a very rare capacity—the insight through which exceptional people know their strengths and limitations. Gershwin was searching for his true identity and for instant communication to the widest audience. Those who criticize him for not being "weighty" might also criticize an ice-cream-soda for not being hot. I think Gershwin always knew that whatever transcends scholarship is unattainable without scholarship.

GERSHWIN's entire career makes a paradox of the doctrine that there is no mercy in art. In the case of other composers, it is demonstrable that the technical detail of their dullest works is not equal to that of

(*Continued on page* 64)

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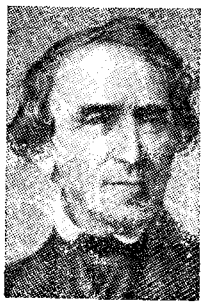
THE NEGLECTED MEYERBEER



By GEORGE JELLINEK

HAD listeners in the tender age of the phonograph—around the turn of the century—enjoyed today's abundance of recordings, what would have been their repertory of complete recorded operas? Certainly, Mozart, Verdi, and Wagner would have predominated, with a reasonably representative allotment given to such contemporaries as Puccini, Mascagni, Rimsky-Korsakoff, and Richard Strauss. Thus, the repertory would not have been radically different from ours—with one notable exception: the 1900 catalogue would have undoubtedly contained at least five complete operas by Giacomo Meyerbeer.

Now here is a composer who would be the most unlikely choice for a filmed biography. No career has run a course more contrary to the standard Hollywood formula. To begin with, Meyerbeer was born wealthy—and grew richer as time went on. During his life he was acclaimed as the reigning operatic figure of his age and enjoyed the homage and admiration of such eminent contemporaries as Heine, Liszt and Balzac, to name only a few. After his death (1864), his fame began to decline. His operas were first celebrated, then tolerated, disparaged, derided and, finally, disregarded. One never hears them performed nowadays and our Metropolitan, where once the stupendous all-star performances of "Les Huguenots" or "Le Prophete" thrilled the multitudes, has not heard a bar of Meyerbeer's music since Gigli and Ponselle sang in "L'Africaine" in 1933.

That Meyerbeer was overrated by his own age is beyond question. Posterity was quick to expose his weaknesses; his eclecticism and lack of individuality; his striving for effects at the expense of artistic integrity; his acceptance and even encouragement of absurd libretti. These were valid aesthetic objections which had a great deal to do with the gradual slackening of interest in his works. To make matters even more difficult for the modern impressario, Meyerbeer wrote his operas with the sterling vocal artists of his own period in mind, and demanded great singing voices—a condition that has set further obstacles in the path of his operas in recent years.

Let me make it immediately clear that I do not consider Meyerbeer's works operatic masterpieces, nor do I believe that their prolonged absence from the boards has been an irreparable loss. Nevertheless, it seems to me that posterity has given shabby treatment to a man of a powerful influence on the destinies of opera. Eclectic he may have been, but he still had an uncanny gift for absorbing and combining the influences of the Italian, French and German schools, and adding something to each in his own, quite personal, way. If he borrowed freely from Spontini and Rossini on occasion, his debts were outweighed by the influence he exerted on those who followed him. Few composers of opera remained outside this influence, and those who benefited from Meyerbeer's experiments and innovations include both Verdi and Wagner.

These innovations embraced many fields. They concerned matters of instrumentation, for Meyerbeer introduced such instruments as the saxophone and bass clarinet to the operatic orchestra and employed others (trombones and double basses) in such a novel and imaginative manner that he achieved startling results of atmosphere and characterization. His integration of musical and dramatic values surpassed all efforts of his contemporaries. He breathed life into the wooden stereotypes that passed for the operatic chorus of his day, and had the imagination to break tradition by making the role of a mother a central character ("Le Prophète"). And, although this is an arguable glory, he conceived his operas along spectacular lines, with ideas that would have done honor to any latter-day showman.

Unfortunately for him, Meyerbeer was widely imitated. Even more unfortunately, some of his imitators had superior gifts, and eventually succeeded in improving his experiments to such an extent that the Meyerbeerian innovations became commonplace by comparison. As time went on, it became evident that ensuing generations of operagoers could no longer respond enthusiastically to the endless varieties of his theatrical tricks. We have grown a bit too sophisticated for them, and it is clear that an ultimatum on Rudolf Bing demanding the immediate re-staging of "Le Prophète," complete with skating ballet and the final holocaust, would hardly be warranted.

But recordings are another matter. Why is Meyerbeer absent from the phonographic repertory which ranges from Orazio Vecchi ((b.1550) to Lukas Foss (b.1922), covers the familiar works in extravagant profusion—and contains operatic escapades by Schubert, Wolf and Rachmaninoff and other assorted esoterica new and old, alongside of which the Meyerbeer works would appear creations of first magnitude?

AS anyone who remembers the pre-LP days will readily attest, there is a great deal of good music in these operas. Let us take "Les Huguenots," with its seven stellar parts and its remarkable fourth-act duet which even Richard Wagner—whose disdain for Meyerbeer bordered on the hysterical—had to praise very highly. Or the scene of the "Benediction of the Swords" from the same opera, an inspiration of spine-chilling effectiveness. The fine tenor aria from "L'Africaine" is universally known, but the opera contains many other gems, particularly the colorful music written for the baritone part of Nelusko. These selections are perpetuated in the brilliantly sung but primitively recorded interpretations of Battistini, Ruffo and Stracciari, and are many a veteran collector's prize possessions. So is the invocation scene, as recorded by Pinza, from the opera "Robert le Diable," which some have claimed to be Meyerbeer's best in spite of its absurd libretto. It is hard to believe that, among the same powers in the industry that turn out an endless succession of "Cavallerias" and "Traviatas," no one should think of expanding the repertory in this logical direction.

As a matter of fact, someone did, as I was to discover recently when I sounded out London Records with the subject of my current preoccupation. Remy Van Wyck Farkas, the energetic advisor to London's policy-makers, showed not only a sympathetic attitude, but produced, with a swiftness worthy of a Houdini, a neatly typewritten paper with a proposed cast for a recorded "Les Huguenots." The list was an impressive one, containing, among others, the names of Tebaldi

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(Valentine), Di Stefano or Del Monaco (Raoul), Siepi (Marcel), London (Nevers) and Hines (St. Bris). One could hardly deny that here are the ingredients to produce a vocally brilliant "Gli Ugonotti"—if not a stylistically idiomatic "Les Huguenots." On this issue we must be realistic and face the fact that Paris today is one of the least likely places for providing a cast to do vocal justice to Meyerbeer's demands. At any rate, London dreams of furnishing the missing link between sturdy Italian-American talents and solid French tradition by assigning the baton to the veteran Albert Wolff of Opéra Comique fame.

The plan, however, is hardly past the stage of wishful thinking at present. By a not at all strange coincidence, these same artists happen to be in constant demand all over the world for non-Meyerbeerian chores. To assemble them at any given point with adequate facilities for rehearsals and recording presents a considerable problem, for Farkas rightly contends that "you do Meyerbeer with great voices, or not at all." But the willingness is there and, with some encouragement, the realization may come sooner than expected. And there are encouraging signs. Last summer there was a televised production of "Les Huguenots" in Italy. It emanated from Milan as part of the regular broadcasts of the RAI network. The excellent cast, headed by the indestructible Giacomo Lauri-Volpi, turned in a performance which caused the periodical *Musica e Dischi* to take issue with the "unjust ostracism" of this composer by the world stages.

Once the ice is broken, it is also easy to foresee future possibilities in other areas. Angel, whose "immediate plans do not include Meyerbeer," could certainly find a suitable cast to surround Callas in a work such as "L'Africaine," so that she may add Meyerbeer to a repertory that already includes virtually everything else. And Cetra could do the same for Ebe Stignani, who, although past her prime, could still sing an imposing Fides in "Le Prophète."

Meyerbeer, whose music is virtually unknown to our generation, could emerge in these recordings with a new freshness. His striking touches of orchestration, contrived to achieve sensational effects, were really wasted on an age that had neither sound engineers nor an appreciative multitude of hi-fi enthusiasts. No question about it, Meyerbeer would have an audience in our time. And, remembering what recordings have done for the music of Mozart, Vivaldi, Berlioz, Mahler, it is reasonable that the "live" influence would follow the recorded.

Fine Handel

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

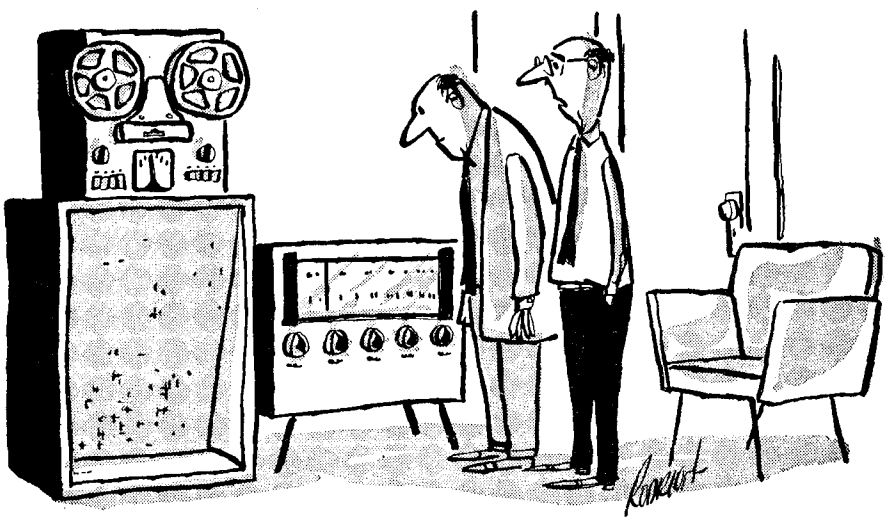
ON several occasions I have had occasion to complain in these hospitable pages of the plethora of "Messiah" recordings and the dearth of anything like adequate versions of Handel's other large vocal works. It is exceedingly good news, I think, that London has now issued two Oiseau-Lyre recordings that bring us more than adequately two full-length Handel compositions not previously available except in small portions. They are his Italian opera "Sosarme" and English oratorio-opera "Semele"—respectively OL-50091/3 ($14.94) and OL-50098/100 ($14.94).

"Sosarme," though not consistently one of Handel's finest operas, contains very many pages of extraordinarily original and beautiful music. The curious libretto appears to be a revision of the late seventeenth-century text called "Alfonso Primo," which was written by Matteo Noris and set to music by the Venetian composer Carlo Francesco Pollarolo in 1694. Handel's opera was first sung at His Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket on February 6, 1732, and ran for ten nights. The cast included Anna Maria Strada del Pò [known affectionately as "The Pig"], the reigning *castrato*, Senesino (Francesco Bernardi), and the magnificent bass Antonio Montagnana. Oiseau-Lyre has solved the problem of the *castrato* role—that of Sosarme, King of Media—correctly: by assigning it to the excellent counter-tenor Alfred Deller. Others in the cast are William Herbert (Haliate, King of Lydia), Nancy Evans (Erenice, Haliate's wife), Margaret Ritchie (Elmira, Haliate's daughter, betrothed to Sosarme), John Kentish (Argone, Haliate's son), Helen Watts (Melo, Haliate's natural son), and Ian Wallace (Altomaro, counsellor to Haliate). The Saint Anthony Singers and The Saint Cecilia Orchestra—plus a continuo made up of Thurston Dart harpsichordist, and Terence Weil, cellist—are conducted, not as forcefully or accurately as they should be, by Anthony Lewis.

Near the beginning of Act I of "Sosarme," Elmira sings the most familiar number in the opera, "Rend'il sereno al ciglio," which Margaret Ritchie projects handsomely. A little later, William Herbert does almost as well with Haliate's difficult "La turba adulatrice." But the special character of Handelian opera at its most brilliant baroque becomes clear only in the closing number of Act I, Elmira's "Dite pace," in which Miss Ritchie proves that the art of singing eighteenth-century *fioriture* is not dead. This is, in its way, as compelling and taxing an aria as Zerbinetta's renowned obstacle race in Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos," but Miss Ritchie does not forget that its text and music must form meaning as well as sound. Mr. Deller makes the exotic counter-tenor quality easily acceptable by singing excellently with real musicality. Finally, Ian Wallace as Altomaro makes genuine drama of the fine aria "Sento il cor." It is far and away the best complete recording of a Handel opera to become available thus far.

"Semele," of course, is something else. More "Handelian" in the usual (if mistaken) sense, this secular oratorio, much influenced by Purcell, approaches the condition of an English opera. The remarkable text was written by William Congreve in 1707 in a style reminiscent of Dryden. Handel used the oratorio to open his Covent Garden season on February 10, 1744. It was sung only four times that year,

(*Continued on page* 57)



"I'd show you the 'Master Audio Control,' but it's in my wife's room."

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The Mozart Issue

CONGRATULATIONS

MAY I CONGRATULATE you on your fine commemorative Mozart issue [*SR* Jan. 28]. It gave me great pleasure to read all the articles written on this unique genius. I should like to point out, however, that I was rather disturbed by some of the views expressed and conclusions reached in the article by Irving Kolodin. He writes that many eminent Mozart interpreters of the present day profited from either direct or indirect association with Mahler, and as a result "the path-breaking endeavours of Mahler became a highroad from which few, today, would dream of digressing."

Have we then exchanged the singer's despotism for the autocracy of the baton? Does the road lead to Mozart only through Mahler and the numerous influential Mahlerites? Mahler's Mozart productions were designed to restore Mozart's operas to public favor by correct staging, integrated performances, and in some cases returning to the original manuscript of text and music. He would be the first man to object to the emasculated Mozart which has been foisted upon us for over forty years now by his adulators. I myself sat through innumerable dreary performances of this devitalized Mozart and can confirm that we still have to put up with a "transcendental," "seraphic," and mysteriously introvert Mozart, whose music "preserved the overtones of an otherworldly consonance from a higher sphere." As a result we now have a humorless, longwinded, and uninspiring "Don Giovanni" on London Records—made palatable only by the energetic approach of some of the soloists, *malgré* the conductor's design—hailed as the true Mozart. [EDITOR'S NOTE: *By some.*]

Mozart not only tolerated but encouraged and expected improvisations and delighted in performers' interpretative brilliance. Yet today performances of Mozart's operas are petrified into a sacrosanct ritual for the benefit of the Puritans, and anyone who dares to deviate from the prescribed pattern is accused of lack of dedication and understanding of the Mozartean spirit.

Why should we endure the mummification of the operas of this great individualist, humorist, and dramatic genius? So as to confirm that he was a kindred spirit with Mahler? Why should we not accept and judge the use of tempi, interpolated high notes, or singing embellishments—as practised by a Maurel, Santley, etc.—on their merit rather than as a deviation from an accepted code as laid down by the Germanic conductors? What harm is done by repeating the "Letter Duet," "Den vieni," or "Dalla sua pace?" What is wrong with a new approach in humour or interpretation of character? Or why forbid a high note by the Queen of the Night which only crystallizes her anguish?

Listen to the re-recording of "Non più andrai" by Santley. Does his handling of the aria not electrify you? Does it detract from your understanding of the character, or does it enforce it? Yet imagine the horror which today would greet someone who would attempt this vocal fancy.

I beg you earnestly—do not allow your critical faculties to be lulled by the authoritative insistence of Messrs. Walter, Stiedry, Reiner, and many others to sell you a static Mozart—in reality their Mahler in disguise—and bar progress towards an even more developed interpretation and individualism in production.

I believe that Richard Strauss's approach to Mozart was that of a fellow creator, quite direct and personal. Not for him "the application of dogmatic esthetics to works which should be judged by their own standards"—not for him "the high priests who dare stand in the path of a vigorous evolution." As a result, the Glyndebourne performances manifest some of the benefits which would accrue should the hold of the Mahlerites on Mozart be broken.

One word more. "The age in which singers were judged no less by their ability to embellish a score, as by their capacity to estimate and interpret what should be left intact is past." (I am quoting Mr. Chasins.) It may come again, but if it does not the greater part of the responsibility for its passing forever can squarely be laid at the door of the "musical autocrats," including Mahler's followers.

A. G. Ross.

Toronto, Ontario.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Not all the points raised in this interesting letter can be answered here, but it is, certainly, no contribution to dramatic purpose to repeat an action already consummated. If that is a concept of a dynamic Mozart, it can best be accomplished by the devotee in his own living room, via a recording which he can repeat endlessly. As to the dictatorship of the baton!—sorry experience has shown that between the lapses of taste practised by singers and conductors, the former tend to be more eccentric, related to physical equipment rather than good judgment. In other words, what they can do conveniently, rather than what they should do conscientiously. Finally, the good or the bad in Mozart production is not determined by a "school" or "line of descent," but by the individual abilities of the persons concerned.*

BACH AND MOZART

I AM DEEPLY appreciative of Dr. Walter's splendid article on Mozart. I would like to make one slight stricture: upon the over-emphasis of the "other worldliness" in Mozart's nature.

J. S. Bach was otherworldly. In "Come Sweet Death" he longed for the beyond. Mozart was, however, essentially of this world; this I believe, led him to the essential humaneness of Freemasonry. Mozart sought above all to make the divine, the otherworldly, relevant and meaningful in this life. He was world, and life, obsessed, and found his deepest fulfilment in the employment of his living faculties. He died, not without hope, but with regret, for he was, above all, a participant in life.

He sought fullness in life as in art. He sought not retreat from, but active acceptance of, life. He sought to make death itself a factor in his living that would deepen his work, and relate a living present to a life after death. His ultimate ideals became a bond between two levels of life, and a bridge of reconciliation.

WAYNE DAVENPORT.

Sarasota, Fla.

IN RE WALTER

YOUR "MOZART ISSUE" is an outstanding literary contribution and a well of musical information. Every reader can consider himself fortunate in being enlightened by such a sensitive, noble and original analysis as given by our greatest living Mozart interpreter: Bruno Walter.

ERNEST M. BETTMANN, M.D.

White Plains, N. Y.

MORE WALTER

I JUST RECEIVED the *SR*'s latest issue and, as usual, turned immediately to RECORDINGS. The first article impressed me very much and it is in regard to this that I would like to ask your advice—or help. How could I obtain the original—I mean German—version of Bruno Walter's writing?

RUTH VAN LEEUWEN.

Northbrook, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *S. Fischer-Verlag, Frankfurt-am-Main, has published it in pamphlet form.*

STRAUSS RECORDS

MILLER'S fine article on "Fifty Years of Mozart on Records" whetted my appetite for the appearance of several of the mentioned selections on LP records. However, I would gladly settle for one item: Richard Strauss's reading of the "Jupiter" Symphony on Brunswick M-5, released in 1927.

If the holders of the masters can not be persuaded to make a general release, I would be the first to support a subscription issue. The fidelity of the recording is of little moment. Strauss's interpretations of Mozart are legendary. This release would be a highlight of the Bicentennial.

GEORGE H. MILLIKEN.

Santa Ana, Calif.

HAYDN—MOZART—BEECHAM

I WAS GREATLY interested in Sir Thomas Beecham's definition of the Haydn-Mozart disparities. It adds much to an appreciation of an interpreter's efforts to have his mental processes as well as his musical purposes documented.

CARL GOLD.

Chicago, Ill.

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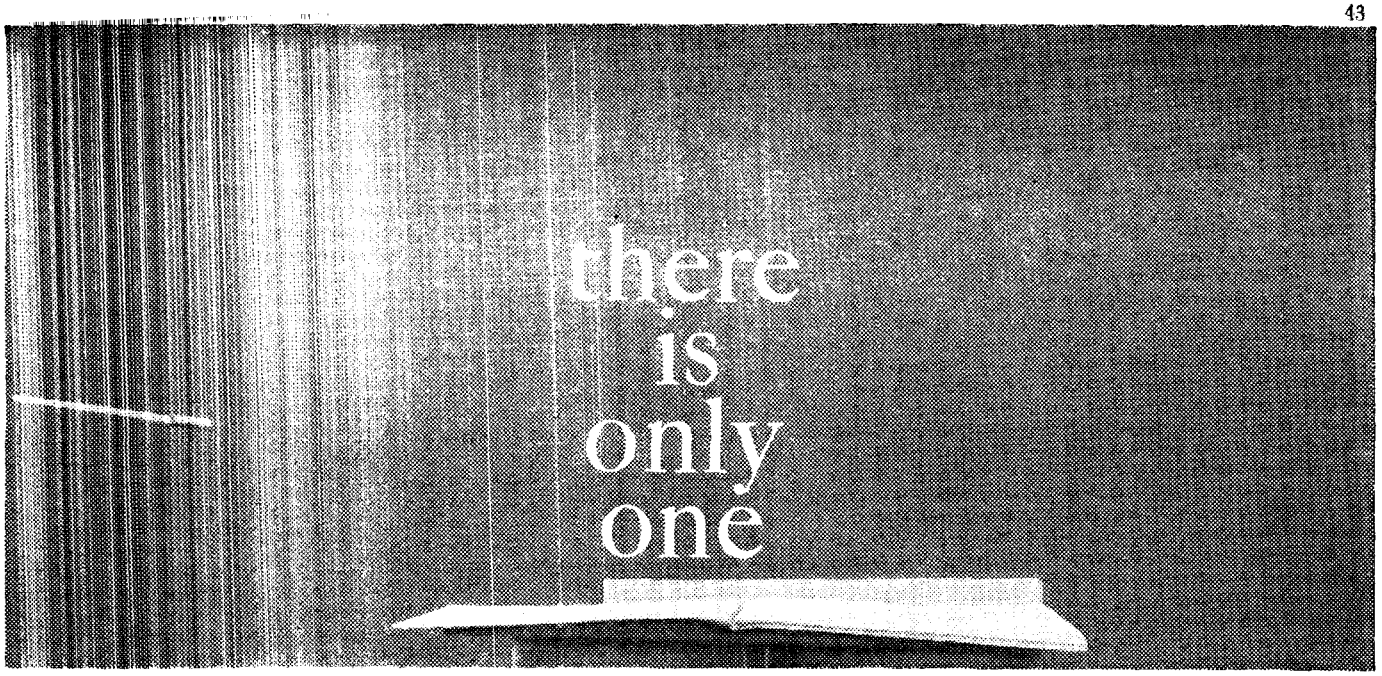
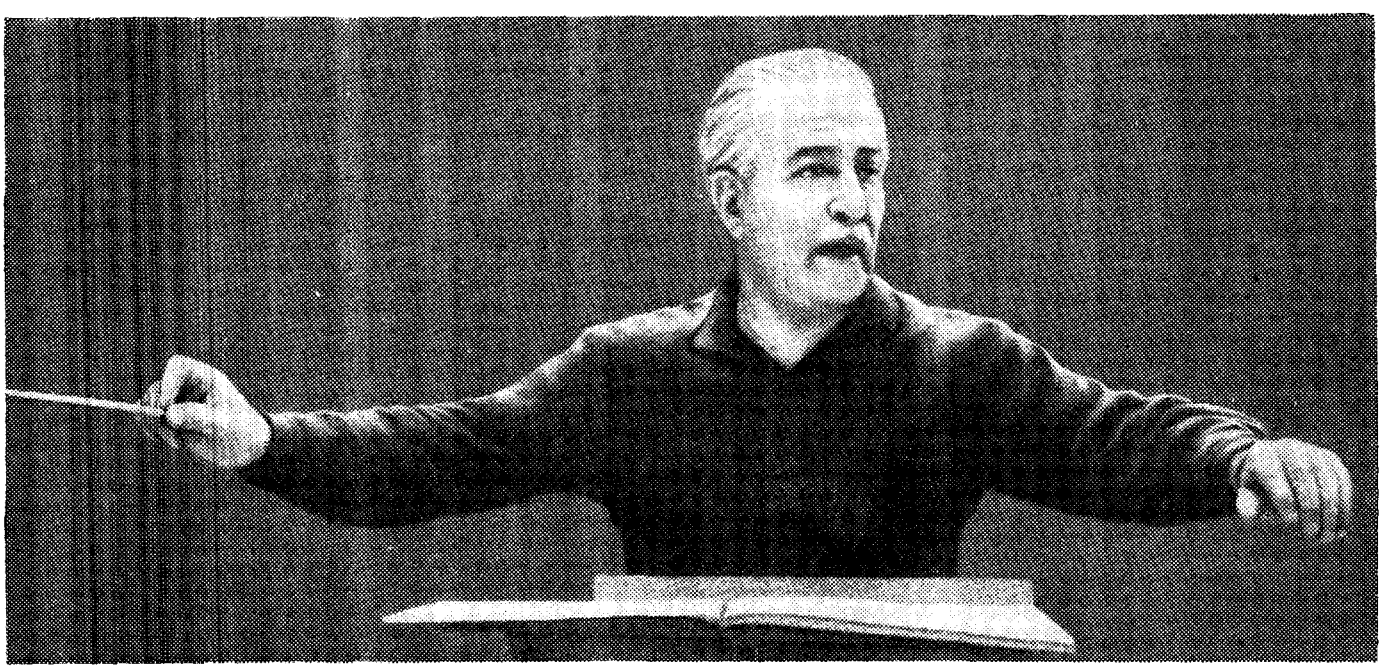


FIEDLER



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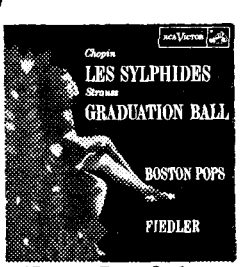

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Salzburg's Winter Festival

By H. C. ROBBINS LANDON

SALZBURG.

MOST tourists and music-lovers have never seen Salzburg in the winter; in our opinion they miss a great deal, for devoid of the crowds and the large automobiles with foreign plates Salzburg has a quiet charm and a friendly provinciality which, one feels, has not changed materially in the last 200 years. There were many features of the present Mozart Festival which could not have happened in the summer: the intimate quality of the concerts, which were held in the Mozarteum and not in the Festspielhaus; the sight of the huge baroque cathedral in deep snow, with the sound of all the bells in the town ringing across the still morning air to announce the beginning of the day commemorating Salzburg's greatest citizen; the Residenzplatz in the evening, lit by thousands of candles in the windows surrounding the square; and—perhaps most beautiful—the midnight *Turmblasen*, with trumpets, trombones, and kettledrums high in the tower overlooking the main square, playing chorales and Mozart's arrangements of ballets for equestrian ceremonies (K. 187 and 188). It was snowing hard, and only a few dozen people braved the storm to stand in the Resindenzplatz and watch what seemed to many to be a kind of medieval pageant, with all the flags of the town hung out, and the gaunt castle dimly outlined behind the tower, from which the music seemed to float, disembodied and unreal, across the sleeping town.

Church music played a large part in the festival, as indeed it did in Mozart's life up to 1781. Two Sundays fell in the period, and Mozart's birthday, the 27th, was a holiday, and there were festive masses in all of the leading churches. Again, one felt that this was Salzburg's own celebration, not intended for the eyes and ears of tourists or correspondents; and many of my colleagues had the same impression. The churches were bitter cold, as they always are in Austria during the winter months, but so crowded that it was often difficult to get in. In the *Franziskanerkirche* we heard the "Piccolominimesse" in C, K. 258 and the majestic "Credo Mass," K. 257. In the Church of St. Peter, where Mozart first performed his C minor Mass (K. 427), we heard a beautiful performance of the so-called "Waisenhausmesse," K. 139, written when Mozart was twelve years old for the consecration of the Waisenhaus Church in Vienna. In the cathedral they played the "Coronation Mass" to a huge congregation on Mozart's birthday, and the Missa Solemnis in C, K. 337 on January 29. This latter is the last mass Mozart wrote in the service of the Archbishop, and like so many of the works of that period (subsequent to the Paris journey), it is a miraculous fusion of pageantry and depth, of stirring C major grandeur and sober devotion; it is hard to believe that this work has never been recorded. The Cathedral services were distinguished by the almost incredibly beautiful plainchant of the Archbishop's Student Seminary, the members of which were placed at the front of the church, and which formed a deliberate tonal and esthetic contrast to the Mozart Mass, executed from the organ loft in the rear. From the standpoint of orchestral and choral texture, it seems obvious that these masses were composed with an eye to the vast space of the Salzburg Cathedral, and performances in other places (and particularly recordings) should be made with this in mind; much of the towering effect of these works is lost without this sense of space.

The concerts took place in the Mozarteum, a smallish hall for which the orchestras were reduced in size. Space prevents our giving a detailed listing, and we shall concentrate on a few of the events. There were as orchestras the Vienna Philharmonic, the Bamberg Symphony, the Philharmonic Orchestra of London, and Salzburg's own Mozarteum Orchestra. This latter, formerly a third-rate sluggish band of no credit to Salzburg nor Mozart, has now been taken over by a brilliant young Austrian, Ernst Märzendorfer, who is equally at home in Bartok, Stravinsky, and Mozart. Under his hands the orchestra has become a well-trained body which, if not brilliant, is solid and reliable. Their performance of the "Linz" Symphony, with which Märzendorfer had obviously taken immense pains in rehearsal, was as impressive as many from far more celebrated groups. American audiences will soon have an opportunity to hear the orchestra with Märzendorfer in person.

The best concert given by the Vienna Philharmonic was that conducted by the veteran Carl Schuricht, at which the Russian pianist, Tatjana Nikolajewa, gave a rather hard, brilliant, and cold performance of the E flat Concerto, K. 482. But the little D major Symphony, K. 181, which opened the concert was without reservation the finest Mozart performance at the whole festival: never in recent years have we heard the Philharmonic play more brilliantly, or more sensitively. Undoubtedly this new alertness is due to intensive rehearsing under Böhm, their permanent conductor in the opera; but although Böhm's Mozart is full-blooded and vigorous (he conducted the Vienna Philharmonic three times at the festival, one concert, one of the operas, and at the Birthday Ceremony), it is seldom gracious or light-footed.

The Philharmonia Orchestra under Herbert von Karajan will be well known to American audiences; this superb orchestra, undoubtedly the best in England, needs no praise; but Karajan's interpretation left much to be desired. The E flat Symphony (K. 543) which opened the program was enormously athletic and virile: the opening tutti was positively breathtaking; but one missed a real insight into the mellow, autumnal qualities of the score such as we have occasionally heard under Beecham or Walter. The real shocker of the evening, however, was a little Sextet (Divertimento) for strings and horns, K. 287, which Karajan chose to treat as a virtuoso showpiece. The finale was played so quickly that even the well-drilled string section could barely keep the pace; and the slow movement, designed to show that the Philharmonia can play anything, only showed that the work was written for soli, and is impossible when played orchestrally. That Toscanini also performed this work with the NBC is probably the unfortunate precedent; but we should have expected more taste and discrimination from Karajan.

TWO operas were given: "Idomeneo" and Mozart's first essay in the form, "La finta semplice," written when he was twelve. "Idomeneo," with Rudolf Schock (Idomeneo), Waldemar Kmentt (Idamante), Christl Goltz (Elektra), and Gerda Scheyrer (Ilia), was staged in a new arrangement by Bernhard Paumgartner. We shall not waste space over the dismal quality of the arrangement, which even included passages by the venerable Paumgartner himself; but we hope that this performance does not create a precedent. Surely Mozart, of all composers, does not require the tender services of an arranger; if "Ido-

(*Continued on page* 62)

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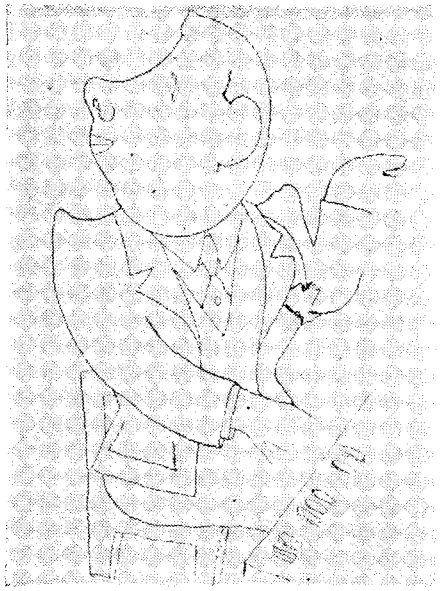

Poulenc caricatured by Cocteau (1920).

Precious Poulenc

POULENC: *"Sonata for Two Pianos" (1953).* BOWLES: *"Picnic Cantata." Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale, duo-pianists, with Gloria Davy and Martha Flowers, sopranos, Mareda Gaither, mezzo-soprano, Gloria Wynder, contralto, and Al Howard, drums.* Columbia ML-5068, $3.98.

IT IS NO SECRET that, of recent years, Francis Poulenc has been writing some of the best music of his career, and those who are alert to this fact will need no urging to seek out any new work that becomes available. However, when so fine a score as this one is given second billing to an amusing but hardly consequential item by Paul Bowles (it is, obviously, much easier for the cover art man to design something around the idea of the performers sitting in a bus, with Bowles acting as an escort in—naturally—a Jaguar, than "pointing up" a nasty old sonata) then it is time to cry "Enough."

Poulenc has, in his time, written music that was of that momentary vogue known as "precious," but the word here applies to the very real mine of ideas and their exposition in this score.

Composed specifically for Gold and Fizdale—who, in such literature as this, strike me as the most able exponents of their craft now active—it is best described as an intensely French piece of music. That is to say, it has gravity, wit, tenderness, and above all a sustaining intellectuality that derive from the long past of Berlioz, Franck, and Fauré, Saint-Saens and Chabrier, Satie and D'Indy as well as the notable figures closer to hand.

In a prefatory note to Gold and Fizdale, explaining how he came to write this particular piece when he did, Poulenc describes it as "a work of which I have the weakness to be very fond." It may encourage Poulenc to know that he has many others of similar "weakness," for it is refreshing to know that there are composers at work with his feeling for sonority, for design, for an attractive idea attractively expounded. Gold and Fizdale are to be complimented for their success in making all this apparent, the engineers for a recording of superb ring and balance.

The Bowles work (which has a text by James Schuyler) is full of ingenuities and striking thoughts, if a little belabored in its scoring for two pianos, four female voices, and a busy percussionist. However, if a composer is known by the company he keeps, Bowles is very well off here. The recording is similarly outstanding.

Corelli in Perspective

CORELLI: *Concerti Grossi, opus 6 (complete). Argeo Quadri conducting the English Baroque Ensemble, with Jean Pougnet and Yfrah Neaman, violins, and Anthony Pini, cello.* Westminster WN 3301, $14.85.

A FEW MORE issues of this sort and there will be no excuse for anyone not knowing where Corelli stands relative to Torelli, or Vivaldi in relation to Vitali. As David Randolph makes clear in his useful annotation, Corelli was not only born well before Vivaldi, Bach, and Handel, but was also writing such characteristic works as the early ones in this sequence when the others were still rather young. A previous, not too successful effort on Vox by Dean Eckertsen implied what Quadri makes clear—that there are half-a-dozen other works in the lot which may well be compared with the relatively familiar No. 4 in D, or the famous No. 8 in G minor ("Christmas Concerto").

It is quite possible that Corelli realized his whole musical essence in the last named work, which ranks high among masterpieces, by no matter whom. As the others demonstrate, the old critical saw about "Schubert would have been immortal had he written nothing but the 'Unfinished'" shows a gross misunderstanding of two things: how a creative mind functions and how a truly great work comes about. There may be an isolated instance of a composer who, early in life, creates something outstanding to which nothing else measures up. More often, however, it is from repeated, improving efforts that the one in which everything is right emerges.

Quadri's previous identification on the Westminster label with such works as "Tosca," the Respighi tone poems, "Scheherazade," and other strenuous exploits hardly prepares one for the sensitivity and musical discipline of these flavorsome performances. He has a fine sense of string sound, to which the players respond with enthusiasm. When individual effort is required, the appointed soloists are more than capable. The recorded sound has a tendency to nasality, to which the ear becomes adjusted after a movement or two. Of more immediate contribution to listening pleasure are the excellent balance of elements, the good surrounding resonance.

Kubelik's Dvorak

DVORAK: *"Slavonic Dances" (complete). Rafael Kubelik conducting the Vienna Philharmonic.* London LL 1283-4, $7.96.

AS HAS LONG been suspected from his conducting of Smetana as well as other works of Dvorak, Kubelik is the man destined to succeed Vaclav Talich as the interpreter (for the phonograph, at least) of these appealing works. Fortunately, for those devoted to them, there was a postwar remake by Talich in reasonably good sound, but whether they have achieved general circulation (they appeared as Urania 604) is questionable.

In any case, the Vienna Philharmonic-London sound is something superior to the Czech Philharmonic-Urania quality, Kubelik's utilization of his opportunity on a sufficiently high level to establish this effort as the standard for some time. In fact, in some of the slower dances (the beautiful E minor and D flat major of the second set, Op. 72), Kubelik operates with a finesse and delicacy of touch that add more than a little to the known values of these works.

Where he is not wholly successful, to this taste, is in the more vigorous ones. This is due to no lack of energy, of which he has an abundance. But there comes a point at which energy may yield diminishing returns, especially in the treatment of percussion. Kubelik may feel that this is the kind of straightforward, hard-driven quality Dvorak wanted in this folkish music, but it gets to be somewhat jangly and unmusical. On the other hand, the quality of the Vienna players in the summing-up A flat is uncommonly good.

Even if his fourth-side performance

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of Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" overture were masterful (which it isn't, quite) it doesn't strike me as quite the thing for a "filler." It is one of those things that almost everybody will have in a Tchaikovsky pairing, or is more likely to buy as somebody's showpiece than as a throw-in on such a set as this. As a performance it qualifies as competent, but no more.

The Progress of Fischer-Dieskau

SCHUBERT: *"Die Winterreise."* SCHUMANN: *"Liederkreis." Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, with Gerald Moore, piano.* RCA Victor LM 6036, $7.96.

IN A TIME of depressed values in the great Lieder repertory, Fischer-Dieskau remains a paragon for his devotion, his constant search for self-improvement as well as for his very real talents. Just when this set was made, relative to his Town Hall appearance in the late spring of 1955, I cannot say; but he is a more impressive artist on these discs than he was on that occasion, as he had been on other discs prior.

It may well relate to the microphone itself, the sense of confidence and relaxation it gives a singer to know that his dynamic output will not be taxed by a climax as it is under some circumstances in the concert hall. (The voice, at most, is a small one.) Much of the "Liederkreis," for example, is beautifully delivered, the exceptions coming in such a song as "Waldesgespräch," where the need for a real forte changes the sound of the voice considerably.

Substantially the same thing is true of "Die Winterreise," though, as a greater enterprise, Fischer-Dieskau is entitled to more credit for carrying it through as well as he does. The trouble comes, again, in such an episode as "Wasserflut," whose climax costs him much in physical effort and doesn't have a real vibrant sound, even so. Of the twenty-four songs, a very considerable proportion are sensitively, poetically performed, but the chain of a song cycle is no different than any other—the weak links affect the continuity of the whole. Yet a singer who can project "Rückblick" with so much conviction and artistry must be admired. Gerald Moore does typically thoroughgoing work, though the piano could have a bit more prominence than it is permitted. (It should be noted that the recently issued and very capable "Winterreise" by Laurens Bogtman on Epic LC 3154 is complete on two sides, whereas, with the Schumann, Fischer-Dieskau's requires four.)

B. Lillie—"potent force for ridicule."

Bruckner VIII by Van Beinum

BRUCKNER: *Symphony No. 8 in C minor.* SCHUBERT: *Symphony No. 3 in D. Eduard van Beinum conducting the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra.* Epic SC-6011, $5.98.

JUST IN TIME to be too late for last month's roundup by Winthrop Sargent ["Batch of Bruckner," *SR* Feb. 11] this addition to the growing literature of recorded performances by that composer is consequential enough for immediate attention. In the vein and of the order of mastery conveyed by Van Beinum's sumptuous version of the Seventh Symphony (London LL 852-3), it is even more imposing, being the answer to a more difficult problem.

Van Beinum utilizes the original text (not published until 1935) and leaves little doubt that the way to hear such music is without the cuts made by the composer at the suggestion of well-meaning friends. For if anything is apparent about Bruckner, it is that the repetitions and elaborations are part of the *spatial* element in the conception—whether Bruckner was aware of this or not—and if the dimensions are disturbed, the time relations change. For Van Beinum, let it be said that he has the courage to let the music develop as it was conceived, with the climaxes intact, the long slow movement allowed "to flower," as it must, for a proper effect. The marvelous richness of sound contrived by the Philips (Dutch) engineers and the informative annotation of Klaus George Roy are equal contributions to enjoyment.

As to the perennial question, What is a symphony? an answer of quite a different kind is given on side four, which offers the first first-class performance of the Schubert Third Symphony yet available on LP. Van Beinum sets it tootling with quite as much sureness of touch as the Bruckner, and the splendid orchestra makes a racy experience of its Haydnesque fast movements. The slow movement is also beautifully managed. Any comparisons with its companion-in-issue would be pointless as well as unprofitable—save, that Schubert had the infallible trait of genius in knowing just what he could do, also how.

Queen Bea

"An Evening with Beatrice Lillie," with Eadie and Rack. London 1373, $3.98.

AFTER TOO LONG a time in which it sounded like every Beatrice Lillie record had been made in somebody's back room with one of the last horns held together by string (including the otherwise sparkling matter from "Inside U.S.A."), it is refreshing to hear the great lady sounding exactly like herself, rather than a reissue. As anyone who has had the experience knows, this may take the form of a canter through a slightly expanded version of Rodgers and Hart's "Rhythm," a reprise of the wickedly inept "There Are Fairies at the Bottom of Our Garden," or the worldwide search for the unknown "Nanette" of Schwartz and Dietz.

For those who haven't been hearing it lately, the Lillie repertory now includes a "folksong cycle" of rather imposing parts, beginning with a "Zither Song" concocted by herself in association with Budd McCreery, and Noel Coward's "Spinning Song" and "The Irish Song." Since there is not the slightest chance of any of these being seen on TV or heard from your local disc jockey, no matter how high class, Miss Lillie regrets you'll have to buy the record at the local shop.

If anything, Miss Lillie is a more potent force for ridicule of her less talented, more affected singing sisters than ever, the point of such a song satire as "Weary of It All" now sharpened dart-fine. Other things that are destined to become old favorites in less time than it takes to wear the record out are another Coward ("Piccolo Marina"), Ivor Novello's engaging "There Are Times," Norman Hackforth's amusing "Paint," and "Maud" (which already enjoys that status). In its traditional place is "The Party's Over Now," which needn't be the case at all . . . just turn the record over and start all over again. Best of all, you can hear every word without some fool drowning out the punch lines with a guffaw. If not, you only have yourself to blame. Eadie and Rack, at the pianos, provide their easy, artful tonal backgrounds.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Concerto No. 5 in E flat. Wilhelm Kempff, piano, with Paul van Kempen conducting the Berlin Philharmonic. Decca DL 9741, $3.98.	This separate issue from the series of Beethoven concerti by Kempff and Van Kempen hardly deserves the sleeve-cover line "especially recommended for hi-fi" as it antedates the good level of sound recently attained by Deutsche Grammophon, which originated the disc. The pitch in the first movement is not dead center, the piano of an inferior quality in itself. Kempff has some excellent impulses in the second and third movements, but the totality is not in the Backhaus class.
Beethoven: Concerto in D. Wolfgang Schneiderhan, with the Berlin Philharmonic conducted by Paul van Kempen. Decca DL 9784, $3.98.	Fine grained, closely worked-out performance by Schneiderhan, onetime concertmaster of the Vienna Philharmonic, more recently associated with the conservatory in Lucerne. For all its finesse, however, it is a little small-scaled, lacking in eloquence. The unfamiliar cadenzas are not identified. Paul van Kempen's direction is more vigorous than the soloist's conception of the score, resulting in some cross-purposes in the fast movements. Very good sound.
Beethoven: "Leonore" Overtures Nos. 1, 2 and 3, "Fidelio" overture. Otto Klemperer conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel 35258, $4.98.	Klemperer's answer to the Scherchen "essay in sound," on the evolution of Beethoven's thoughts, has much in it that is powerfully persuasive, though his didactic way of arguing major and minor points diminishes listening pleasure. Also it seems pointless to dissipate the effect of the "Leonore" sequence by placing the short, much later "Fidelio" overture before the great "Leonore No. 3." Very good sound.
Berlioz: "Symphonie Fantastique." Igor Markevitch conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. Decca DL 9783, $3.98.	The emergence of Markevitch as a major conducting talent (see also Moussorgsky below) is a hopeful sign in an area where the changes lately have been more concerned with subtraction than addition. The performance has much that is artfully conveyed to interest the Berlioz enthusiast, very well reproduced. It lacks as yet the ultimate kind of definition provided to the music by a Monteux or Munch, or the orchestral sonorities induced by Ormandy with the Philadelphia players.
Bruch: Concerto No. 2 in D minor. Jascha Heifetz, violin, with orchestra conducted by Izler Solomon. RCA Victor LM 1931, $3.98.	Though it is hard to associate so well-known a name as Bruch with a work not previously performed on LP, here it is—and a major work of execution by Heifetz which is likely to discourage duplication. However, it is the kind of close-up, dead-studio recording too often associated with his West Coast work, diminishing not only the magnitude of the musical results but also the credit due Heifetz for really peerless mastery. The same situation applies to the Wieniawski No. 2 on the overside. Solomon is not merely discreet, but self-effacing in his direction of an orchestra which can barely be heard save in the tuttis.
Haydn: Symphonies No. 96 and 102. Bruno Walter conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. Columbia ML 5059, $3.98.	Well-sounding vigorous performance, altogether typical of the conductor and the composer. Some details are a little heavily accented for my taste, but always within a framework of relevant detail. Very good sound.
Moussorgsky-Ravel: "Pictures at an Exhibition;" Wagner: "Siegfried Idyll." Igor Markevitch conducting the Berlin Philharmonic. Decca DL 9782, $3.98.	This Toscanini-like pairing is a little more than Markevitch can manage with thorough justice, but he does many fine things in both scores. Of special interest is his feelings for the lyric line of Ravel's transcription, his uncommon ear for orchestral texture. However, the succession does not quite attain the needed climax. The reproduction is among the best we have had from DDG (Decca-Deutsche Grammophon).
Stravinsky: "L'Oiseau de Feu." Ernest Ansermet conducting the Orchestre de la Suisse Romande. London LL 1272, $3.98.	Whether Ansermet's investment of effort in the complete score of this ballet will pay dividends of interest as it did in the case of Ravel's "Daphnis" remains to be seen. For my taste the elements additional to the usual suite of excerpts are mostly of the sort that lack ear appeal without the action. Ansermet's direction is, of course, highly refined, his rarefied definition of the sound elements beautifully reproduced.
Sullivan: "The Tempest." F. Charles Adler conducting the Vienna Orchestral Society. Unicorn 1014, $3.98.	As a subject for a musical guessing game, this incidental music has its interest, for it is the work of the twenty-four year Sullivan whose muse was looking back to Mendelssohn rather than forward to the Savoy operettas. Portions of it have charm, but as it goes on, the invention tends toward the monotonous. Patricia Brinton, soprano, displays an attractive voice of clear quality and a nice enunciation of English in her singing of the several song settings included. Satisfactory sound.
Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 4 in F minor. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia, ML 5074, $3.98.	A particularly thoughtful effort by Ormandy, in which the musical texture is re-examined, some of the worn spots given a new tonal coating. I don't agree that all Ormandy's changes are improvements, but the fervor of the playing and the flow of sound communicated by the famous orchestra are all persuasive. The engineers have been particularly successful in the element of presence, some of the effects seeming to occur right in the room.
Vivaldi: Concerto in A (opus 30, No. 1) and Concerto in D minor (opus 22, No. 4): also works of Leo and Sacchini. Scarlatti Orchestra conducted by Franco Caracciolo. Angel 35234, $4.98.	So far as I can determine, neither of these Vivaldi works has previously been available on LP, thus adding more than a little that is enriching to our knowledge of the great man. The slow movement of the D minor is an especially eloquent invention, beautifully played by the unidentified violin virtuoso. The Leo concerto (in D, with 'cello solo) is also of remarkable beauty, the whole of a fine disc climaxed by a lively performance of the spirited Sacchini overture "Edipo a Colono." Fine sound throughout.
Von Suppé: "Light Cavalry" overture, etc. Herbert von Karajan conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel 35327. $4.98.	As has been amply demonstrated by Mengelberg, Beecham, Toscanini, Ansermet, and other talented painters of the lesser musical lilies, it takes more than the impulse to bring life to the works of J. Strauss, Offenbach ("Orpheus in the Underworld" overture), Chabrier ("España" and "Marche Joyeuse") included in this Philharmonia "Pops" concert. Karajan has the authority to command supersuave performances from the orchestra but he doesn't have the perception of eye or the turn of taste to make Waldteufel's "Skater's Waltz" more than a minor piece: which, as some others have shown, it need not be. Accurate reproduction. —Irving Kolodin.

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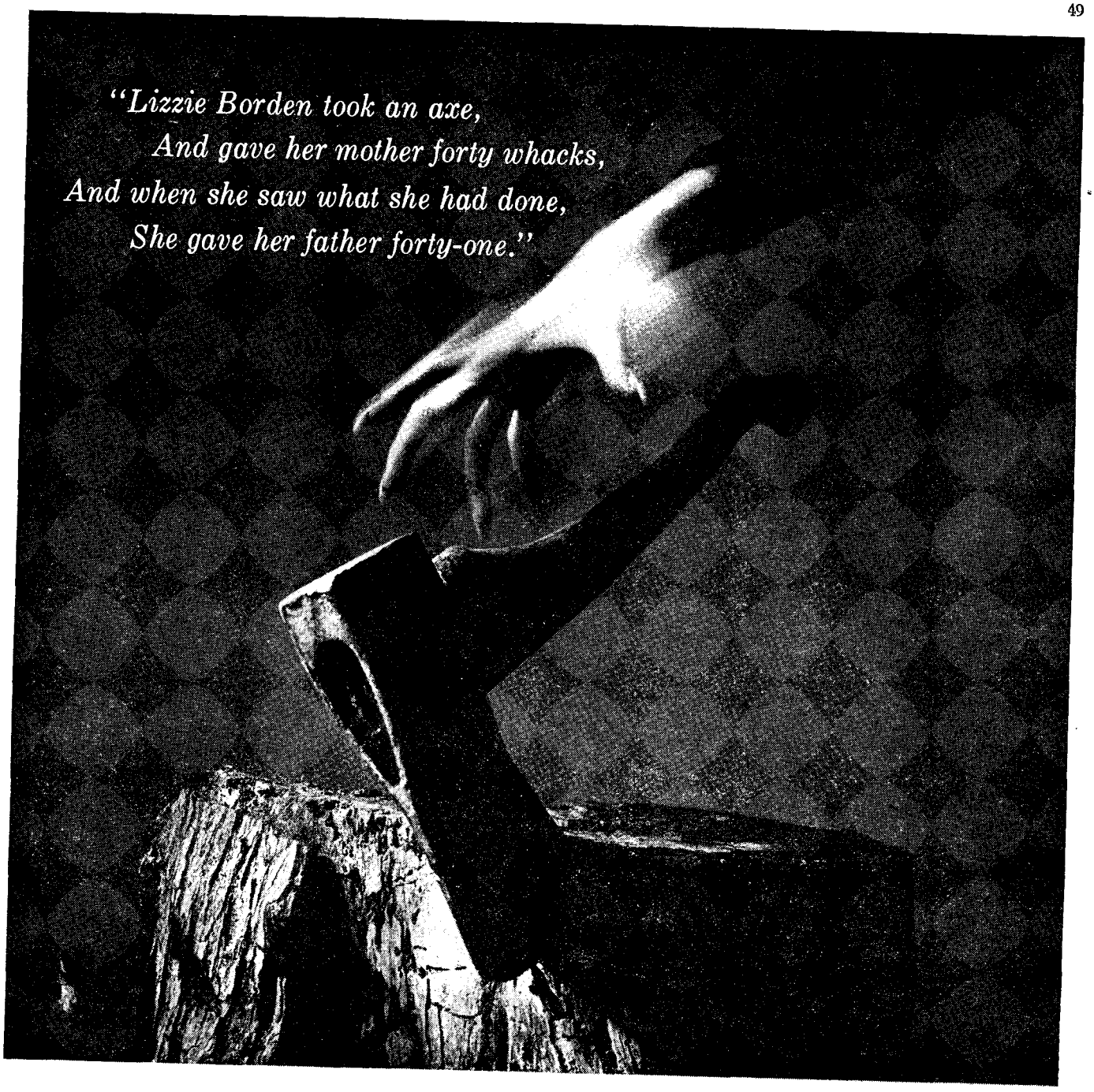

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Sonatas Opus 13 ("Pathétique") and Opus 27 No. 2 ("Moonlight"). Rudolf Firkusny, piano. Capitol P-8322, $3.98.	Firkusny's first effort for his new affiliation is in many ways beautiful piano playing, especially in his well-controlled, finely inflected lyric episodes. However, the faster portions of both familiar works lack, to me, the intensity for Beethoven or the kind of momentum in the music. Very good piano sound.
Beethoven: Sonatas in A ("Kreutzer") and F ("Spring"). Mischa Elman, violin, with Joseph Seiger, piano. London LL 1258, $3.98.	The dynamic thrust and emotional power to make the "Kreutzer" convincing are not provided by Elman in the fast movements, though the variations come off well. At more than a few moments pianist Seiger is more impressive than his partner. The "Spring" is suavely played, if not more. Good balance in the reproduction.
Benjamin: "Jamaican Rhumba," Copeland: "Hoedown" from "Rodeo," etc. Manhattan Piano Quartet. M-G-M E-3224, $3.98.	Marga Richter's arrangement of these items and ten other brief dances by Shastakovich, Weill, Fauré, Lecuona, Kabalevsky, Moussorgsky, Offenbach, etc., are mechanically competent, if not particularly attractive to the ear. In addition to herself, the pianists of the quartet are identified as Elizabeth Olsen, Lawrence Kreuger, and William Blankfort, a rather pseudonymous-sounding group. The piano sound features a brittle treble.
Brahms: Sonatas, opus 120. Reginald Kell, clarinet, and Joel Rosen, piano. Decca DL 9639, $3.98.	Remarkably clean, smoothly articulated performances of which the E flat (No. 2) is the more interesting, being the better work in every way. A little more drive and dynamic contrast would have been welcome, as the playing tends more to the meticulous than the expressive. Rosen does his work well.
Brahms: Sonatas, Op. 38 and 99. Pierre Fournier, violoncello and Wilhelm Backhaus, piano. London LL 1264, $3.98.	Pierre Fournier has matured considerably as an artist since his collaborations with Artur Schnabel in Beethoven, but the excellent results here are abetted much by the discretion as well as the eloquence of Backhaus. He never usurps the place properly the province of the 'cellist, meanwhile working in his contribution with suppleness and much tonal variety. A first-class offering, also beautifully reproduced.
Brahms: Trio, opus 101; Loeillet: Sonate à Trois; Tcherepnin: Trio, Op. 34, Pro Musica Trio, Pro Musica 201, $3.98.	The players (Nina Mesirow-Minchin, piano, Herman Clebanoff, violin and Karl Fruh, 'cello) are unknown to me, but all are excellent and they have a substantial, sound idea of what they are about in each of the works. The only complaint would concern the reproduction, which is clean and clear, but also a little lacking in resonance. The Tcherepnin, incidentally, is the work of Alexander rather than Nicolai, and dates from 1925. The instruments are used in a knowing way, the ideas are good.
Cimarosa: "Il Maestro di Cappella," Donizetti: "Un foco insolito" ("Don Pasquale"), Mozart: "Madamina" ("Don Giovanni"), Donne mie, la fate a tanti ("Così fan tutte"). Fernando Corena, basso-buffo, with orchestras conducted by Bruno Amaducci, Alberto Erede, and Peter Maag. London LL 1334, $3.98.	Now that he is somewhat better known, through his Metropolitan successes (in "Don Pasquale" among other things) Corena's expert delivery of the little-known gem by Cimarosa (in which the vocalist "rehearses" the orchestra for a performance) may have a wider public than before. In any case, it is thoughtful of London to make it available continuously on a single side of a twelve-inch LP (it was previously spread over two sides of a ten-inch disk), supplemented by some of Corena's other able performances from the Italian buffo literature. Amaducci's conducting of the Cimarosa remains an apt and spirited addition to the vocalist's art.
Grieg: "Lyric Pieces." Menahem Pressler, piano. M-G-M 3197, $3.98.	A pleasant partner for Pressler's previous issue of Grieg, this one takes in books 3 and 4 of the "Lyric Pieces." Included in this sequence are such favorites as "Butterfly," "Erotik," "To Spring," "Hop Dance," and an attractive "Valse Impromptu." Pressler's restraint is impressive, but there are climaxes that make one long for a little less understatement, a little straightforward romanticism and uninhibited emotion. Good piano sound.
Grieg. Sonatas in F major (opus 8) and C minor (opus 45). Mischa Elman, violin, and Joseph Seiger, piano. London LL 1253, $3.98.	This repertory is more suitable to the performers than the Beethoven noted above, though if I did not know the violinist was Elman I would not divine it from the sound here. That, of course, is a compliment, but one would have thought his tonal values would show up to greater advantages. Seiger again commands the attention with his piano sound and good taste. Excellent reproduction.
Moussorgsky: "Pictures at an Exhibition." Leonard Pennario, piano. Capitol P 8323, $3.98.	Pennario has not made a better record, to my knowledge, and few others as good as this finger-sure, well projected statement of Moussorgsky's something-less-than-pianistic invention. There is also considerable feeling for the imagery of the music in his presentation. The second side is devoted to various short works of Tchaikovsky ("Humoresque" "Dumka," "Romance in F minor"), including the familiar "Troika," whose juxtaposition with the Moussorgsky points the fact that the "Promenade" theme of the "Pictures" shares its opening three tones.
Schumann: "Carnaval," "Kreisleriana." Geza Anda, piano. Angel 35247, $4.98.	Fluent, well-phrased performances by Anda, who is not quite the man to give Schumann's rhythmic patterns their full due. As a consequence, the line of the music is inclined to sag a little between climaxes, the line between warmth and sentimentality somewhat blurred. Excellent piano sound.
Seixas: Fugue, Sonata, Toccata, etc. Felicja Blumental, piano. London LL 1194, $3.98.	These further investigations by Felicja Blumental into the little known lore of Spanish and Portuguese keyboard music of the eighteenth century are productive of much fanciful writing, expertly delivered. In addition to the Seixas creations, the disk offers works by Angles, Mateo, Ferrer, and Freixanet, beside whom Soler (also represented) is an old friend. The crispness and articulation of Blumental are put to thoroughly artistic uses, but the piano used in this recording is something of a handicap, especially in the bass.
Villa-Lobos: Etudes Nos. 1 and 3. Preludes Nos. 1 and 2, Barroso: Bullerias y Canción, Tehuacan etc. Laurindo Almeida, guitar, Capitol P 8321, $3.98.	Though not entitled "Bachianas" these etudes and preludes by Villa-Lobos (1929 and 1940 respectively) have a contrapuntal quality that is finely articulated in the excellent performances of Almeida. As in his previous collection (Capitol P 8295), his material is consistently well chosen as well as beautifully played. Not the least interesting are three pieces of his own ("Preludio y Tremolo," "Invention," and "Music Box") which make a charming conclusion to the whole. Finely resonant sound. —I. K.

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Recordings Reports: Jazz on LPs

PERFORMER, CONTENTS, DATA	REPORT
Byrd's Word. Savoy MG-12028, $4.95.	The first date under his own name for Donald Byrd, the young trumpeter from Detroit, is, in every way, a success. Byrd is mainly out of Miles Davis stylistically, but he is less furtive, has considerable taste, a good cup of ideas, and technique. The best thing here is a knee-swinging medium blues "Gotcha Goin' N Comin,'" which has, in addition to excellent solos by Frank Foster, Byrd, Hank Jones, and Paul Chambers, two remarkable filigree brush solos by Kenny Clarke. Three originals and two standards.
Penthouse Serenade: Nat "King" Cole at the Piano. Capitol T-332, $3.98.	The notes here are mum, but presumably this is of recent vintage, and if so, is the first solo piano Nat Cole, a great jazz pianist, has recorded since the Forties. Not all of it, unfortunately, is jazz. Six of the twelve standards are silk and murmur. On these, and on the jazz sides, too, however, Cole's inimitable attack—crisp, delicate, whole—comes through as even tighter and more straightforward than it was in the days of the trio. An unnamed, and good, rhythm section is also present.
The Roy Eldridge—Art Tatum—Alvin Stoller—John Simmons Quartet. Clef MGC-679, $3.98.	This is, despite the names, a disappointing performance. There are eight standards and on almost all of them Eldridge is tightly muted, uneven, and clearly ill at ease. Tatum, though still as florid as a banyan, is more controlled than of late, and Stoller and Simmons are adequate.
Benny Goodamn, His Sextet and Trio with Rosemary Clooney. Columbia CL-2572, $1.98.	This being, of course, Benny Goodman year around the globe, here, astonishingly, in place of another reissue, is a new record. Of the six standards, five are by a sextet (B. Clayton, U. Green, A. Bell, D. Hyman or C. Thornhill, B. Donaldson) and one by a trio (Hyman, Donaldson). Miss Clooney sings on three sides, Benny on one (as a singer, Goodman has a great voice for cooling soup), and the rest are loose, scruffy instrumentals. Pleasant.
Road Band! The Woody Herman Herd. Capitol T-658, $3.98.	Made in 1954 and 1955 by one of the innumerable Third Herds (B. Perkins, D. Collins, C. Flores, N. Pierce, and C. Touff are present), this is first-rate big band jazz. One reason is the band, which is polished, relaxed, and forceful, and another the excellent materials (six originals, by R. Burns, H. Silver, and M. Albam and three standards.) Outstanding are a long, ambling "Sentimental Journey," which features a blowzy Tricky Sam-type solo, and, throughout, the tough, punctuative drumming of Flores.
A Musical History of Jazz. Grand Award 33-322, $2.98.	A history of jazz that is aimed, seemingly, at an audience somewhere between the high school student and Madison Avenue. It includes a commentary by George Simon that is undistinguished and full of minor errors, and nine musical examples—inevitably inaccurate—played by four different groups, which include such as R. Stewart, W. Bradley, B. Byrne, E. Safranski, and M. Lowe. Wally Cox is the narrator, and he plays it all straight, unfortunately.
Elliot Lawrence plays Gerry Mulligan Arrangements. Fantasy 3-206, $3.98.	A largely unimpressive big-band celebration for and by Gerry Mulligan that has the swish and thump of haste all over it. Lawrence's group is pick-up and includes A. Cohn, E. Bert, N. Travis, and D. Lamond, all of whom perform well. Mulligan's arrangements and eight originals are, however, lackadaisical and patchy.
The Mundell Lowe Quartet. Riverside RLP-12-204, $4.98.	A thoroughly attractive session that has the delicate, imaginative guitar of Mundell Lowe; Dick Hyman, a proficient pianist who doubles here on celeste and organ (he plays the organ in a single-note, non-chordal way that is delightful); Trigger Alpert, the veteran bassist; and Ed Shaughnessy, who used to be a hundred-a-second drummer ten years ago, but now ranks with Joe Morello and Chico Hamilton. Eight standards and one original. Highly recommended.
Johnny Mehegan's "Reflections." Savoy MG-12028, $4.95.	An absorbing and frequently exciting display of modern solo piano (K. Clarke accompanies on five of the ten standards) replete with Bachian inventions, Debussyian chords, a rich, experimental left hand, and a resounding beat. There is also a long and perceptive essay on jazz piano by Mehegan, who, in his playing, practises exactly what he preaches.
Roy and Diz. Album #2, Clef MG C-671, $3.98.	A rough and tumble exhibition of how to build a brassworks, by Roy Eldridge and Dizzy Gillespie, in company with O. Peterson, H. Ellis, R. Brown, and L. Bellson. The album suffers markedly from a lack of restraint and from overly relaxed frameworks, but Eldridge and Gillespie (who is *still* the daddy of modern trumpet players) are great jazzmen, and as a result, even their mistakes are interesting. Top moments for both men occur in their four solo ballads. All in all, eight standards.
Modern Music from Philadelphia by the Brothers Sandole. Fantasy 3-209, $3.98.	The ten originals here are by Adolph and Dennis Sandole, whose work, though somewhat simpler, more obviously swinging, and at times rougher in texture, is in the tradition of Charlie Mingus' various Workshop offerings. A. Farmer, T. Macero, J. La Porta (all closely associated with Mingus), G. Barrow, A. Del Governtore, M. Hinton, W. Marshall, S. Russo, and a thumping drummer named Clem de Rosa are the musicians. Continually engrossing.
The Modern Jazz Society Presents a Concert of Contemporary Music. Norgan MG N-1040, $3.98.	This record is distinguished by its bad recording, beautiful solos (Getz and Lucky Thompson), muddy orchestrations, and the wonderful lyricism of John Lewis' five jazz-classical compositions. (Surely "Django" is one of the loveliest tunes ever written by a jazzman.) The two groups include Stan Getz, L. Thompson, J. J. Johnson, T. Scott, A. Sachs, P. Heath and C. Kay, together with a harp, French horn, flute, and bassoon.
Sonny Stitt Plays Arrangements from the Pen of Quincy Jones. Roost LP-2204, $3.98.	Whether or not one likes Sonny Stitt's hard-bop alto saxophone (he was one of the earliest Parker imitators and plays with a tone that is a cross between a beginner's and Parker's—devoid of Bird's warmth), this is an admirable record. Quincy Jones' arrangements are unpretentious and totally effective, and his two originals are as pliable as felt hats in the rain. Stitt allows himself too much solo space considering the superb men that were on hand—Thad Jones, E. Royal, J. Cleveland, F. Green, O. Pettiford, Seldon Powell, Jo Jones. Six standards in addition to the originals.
Introducing Villegas. Columbia CL-787, $3.95.	Enrique Villegas, the newly arrived pianist from Argentina, has a style, according to the overheated notes, that "absolutely defies description." True. For Villegas, formerly a classical pianist, has, as yet, no style. He has ideas, emotion, and a good beat, but knows little about the shaping of these qualities into logical jazz structures—a talent as indispensable to a jazzman as wheels to a car. C. Cole and M. Hinton accompany him on the nine standards.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT.

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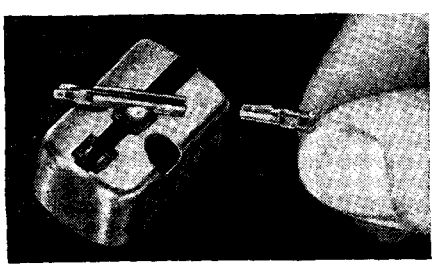

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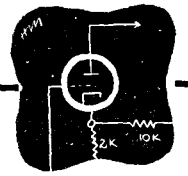

HIGHS AND LOWS

Beyond the Ultra-Low

AS PICKUPS and amplifiers enter boldly into the ultra-low bass region, and loudspeakers trail a short distance behind, and all kinds of distortion are beaten down to new low levels, one price we pay for this progress is the uncovering of what we can without the slightest disrespect call "the shivers and the shakes." Both of these enemies to joy in recorded music originate in the turntable, record changer, or tape "transport mechanism," as the case may be.

It looks easy to revolve a disc record at a steady speed, and similarly the tape transport has a basically simple function—just to pull the tape steadily past the playback head. But this "motion-of-the-recording" section of sound systems is actually a set of cunning booby-traps. The things that go wrong are rather easily explained but they are far from easy to avoid. The "shivers" are small, periodically-recurring shifts in the speed of the drive, a speed-up, slow-down, speed-up, slow-down performance that is responsible for the aural effects we call "wow" and "flutter." The "shakes" are mechanical vibrations at frequencies within or near the musical range, which in the case of disc machines, travel through the structure to shake the pickup in such a way that loud noises are introduced into the reproduced sound. This is usually called "rumble," because it often emerges from the loudspeaker as a heavy rumbling noise. In the case of tape drives, vibration does not come out as a rumbling noise, but it may seriously degrade the musical sound nevertheless, producing "flutter." (See below).

With the shivers, what makes the situation so ticklish is the extreme sensitivity of the human ear to changes in pitch. When the speed of the moving recording changes the pitch of the reproduced sound changes, and in the same proportion. Investigators in our acoustical laboratories have shown that, for a pitch change to be comfortably below perception by the ear in the middle and high frequencies, the change must represent a shift in the frequency of the tone of less than about one-tenth of 1 per cent. Translated to the equally-tempered musical scale, this is a pitch change of less than one-sixtieth of a semitone! In the low bass the ear is not nearly so discriminating. At sixty cycles per second, which is about at the B natural two octaves below Middle C, most listeners have difficulty in hearing a change of one-half a semitone.

The extreme sensitivity operates only if the ear can make a direct comparison between the tones before and after the shift, so it applies only with slow, long sustained tones; fast-moving music and the plucked and struck instruments do not give the ear the chance to discriminate at the most refined level. In addition, the aural effects of a repeating pitch change, as described in more detail in a moment, can be somewhat masked by other distortions in a reproducing system. So our figure of one-tenth of 1 per cent for the maximum permissible shift in speed is an ideal to be met in the most refined, wide-range, low-distortion systems. Several times this much may be tolerable, or even imperceptible if direct comparison is not made with a "cleaner" system.

Any engineer will tell you that a drive system turning at the 33⅓ rpm of the phonograph turntable, with less than one-tenth of 1 per cent variation in this speed at any time, is a difficult device to make. The specification is met only in the more expensive, more carefully designed instruments.

Two quite different things happen in the hearing system as a result of the "shivers." If the repeating change in pitch takes place less than about eight times per second, that is, goes through its up-down, up-down at this slow rate, we hear the familiar over-the-waves effect, the very uncomfortable uncertainty about the pitch of the sound. When the speed wobble is faster, more than about ten times per second, we hear not a shifting pitch but a coarsening and roughening of the tone quality. The slow effect is called "wow," and the fast one "flutter."

THE speed shifts that cause wow and flutter come mainly from rotating parts in a drive mechanism that are not close enough to being perfectly round. An "eccentric" part that participates in transmitting the motor power will cause a speed shift, once for each time that part revolves. Thus careful design to reduce speed variations means, for one thing, machining the rotating parts to keep eccentricity to a low value.

One frequent source of eccentricity in the less expensive tables is the rubber wheel that bears against the inside of the turntable rim. If you

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have access to a machine shop, you can often reduce the flutter level of such a table considerably by having this rubber "puck" carefully ground in the lathe to make it closer to "round." A particularly bad flutter results if the rubber wheel gets a flat spot from being left tightly pressed against the rim, when not in use. To find out whether a turntable or tape drive has more of the shivers than you can tolerate, put on a recording of slow piano, horn, violin, or organ music. You have two effects to listen for, wow and flutter. For the latter, you can get valuable help from the comparative method. Try the recording first on a system of known low flutter, to hear the "clean" sound, and then listen to the same passage on the "unknown" system.

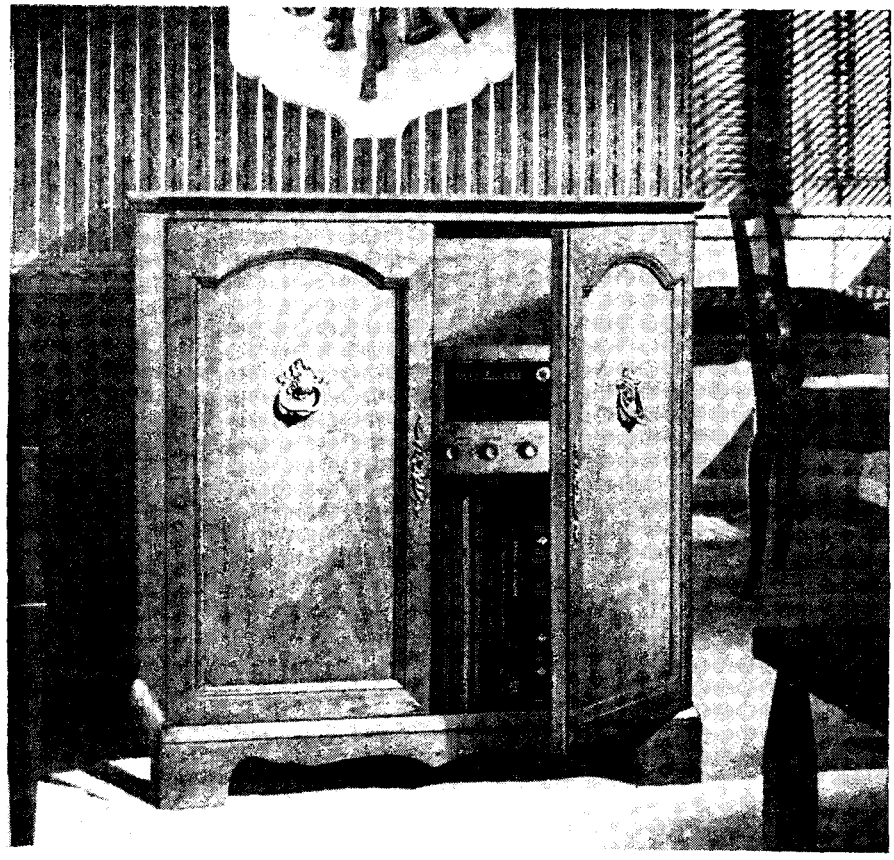
Be careful that the recording you use is not itself a source of the shivers. A disc record with an enlarged center hole will play off-center and wow unmercifully. Even if the hole fits tightly on the pin, the record may be one of the occasional "swingers" that get through the manufacturer's inspection service. When it comes to the shakes, or "rumble," the motor itself is one of the main sources of trouble. The shake in an A-C driven motor can be reduced to a low level but not eliminated. So on the more refined drive systems the motor is carefully "isolated" from the turntable or tape capstan by elastic couplings of one kind or another.

There are many other possible sources of vibration in a complex assembly or rotating parts like a turntable or tape drive. Ball bearings for the turntable, for instance, are out. It is apparently impossible to make a ball bearing that rolls smoothly enough to keep rumble in a phonograph turntable below a troublesome value. Remember that your pickup, amplifier, and loudspeaker make up an extraordinarily sensitive detection system for any vibrations of the record surface.

To get an idea of how serious the rumble of any given turntable is, put on a full orchestra or organ recording and turn up the volume to about the loudest point, in the loud pasages, that you will ever want to listen to.

The assorted noises you then hear in the low bass represent the rumble your ear must contend with when you are trying to hear music. If you hear nothing, or nearly nothing on the test, praise the Lord and pass the manufacturer of your turntable a vote of thanks. If the rumble is strongly and unpleasantly audible, it means that (1) your system has an overstrong bass response; or, more likely, (2) you can improve your system greatly with a more refined turntable.

—R. S. LANIER.



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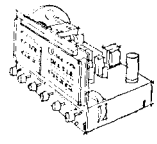

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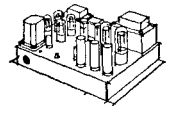

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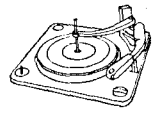

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Lifar's "Romeo" in Paris

By FERNAU HALL

THE production of the Prokofiev ballet "Romeo and Juliet" at the Paris Opéra this winter was an event of major importance in the history of the grandmother of all ballet companies—though its significance turned out to be rather different from that intended by the choreographer (Serge Lifar). For many years Lifar, *maître de ballet* of the Opera, has been producing one bad ballet after another; even though each new ballet was greeted with an ovation from the claque and an almost unanimous fanfare from a cooperative press, it infallibly failed to win a permanent place in the repertoire. In the long run this made Lifar's position somewhat uneasy; and his position was still further weakened in the summer of 1954, when the ballet company of the Opera visited London and the Lifar ballets had rough treatment from the London critics.

Under the circumstances it is not surprising that Lifar took a great risk in breaking away from his usual habits and tackling a major Shakespearean theme, with a score by one of the greatest contemporary composers. The risk was increased by the fact that, for once, critics and the public had some real standards of comparison: a film based on Lavrovsky's original production of the ballet in Russia (with Ulanova as Juliet) was running in Paris at the time of the première of the Lifar production, and is scheduled for New York showing shortly.

The comparison with Shakespeare, Prokofiev, and even Lavrovsky (who is hardworking and serious even if rather old-fashioned) proved fatal to Lifar. A number of journalists paid their automatic tribute, and so did the claque; but the remarks to be heard in the corridor were murderous, even critics who had been the most faithful supporters of Lifar having harsh things to say. Probably the most damaging volte-face was that of Olivier Merlin, writing in the influential *Le Monde:* he ended his long and penetrating analysis of the faults of the production with the bitter remark: "Fourteen curtains at the end—four of them genuine." Jean Coquelle, the witty and expert young critic who has always shown an understanding of the weaknesses of Lifar's choreography, composed his article in the form of a series of diabolical epigrams: referring to the fact that the leading characters expressed all emotions by leaving their mouths open, he described the ballet as the ". . . gourmand's dream—"un gros navet aux canards." This witticism is as pungent as it is untranslatable. There is a dish "canard aux navets" (duck with radishes), but a glutton might dream of a radish with ducks; on the other hand "navet" means "flop" as well as "radish," which "canard" means "false note" (*i.e.* from the orchestra) as well as "duck."

The fact is that Lifar's work on "Roméo et Juliette" was no worse than on a dozen earlier ballets; but under the circumstances his characteristic defects emerged with blinding clarity. His adaptation of the Prokofiev score had many faults: though Jacques Ibert, the new director of the Opéra, was known to want a production of the ballet in its entirety, Lifar cut it from two-and-one-half to one-and-one-half hours, eliminating some of the finest music and falsifying other passages by using them out of context. Moreover he set movements to music in exactly the same high-handed way that he was accustomed to behave with French scores, paying little attention to rhythm, phrasing, orchestration or even tempo. (Foreign dancers visiting the Opéra sometimes wonder how the Opéra dancers manage to fit their movements to the music in his four ballets, but the explanation is simple: the Opéra dancers begin more or less with the music, and take care to end with it, worrying very little about what happens during the dance.) At the première "Roméo et Juliette" the orchestra failed to do justice to Prokofiev's forceful rhythms—in fact at one moment the conductor (Robert Blot) had to bring the players together by singing loudly to them—but even so Prokofiev's mastery of the theme was so evident that his music made nonsense of the arbitrary evolutions on the stage.

At the Paris Opéra changes of policy take a long time to mature, and it would be rash to expect the failure of "Roméo et Juliette" to have any immediate repercussions. But it will have its effect in due course; and perhaps we may then hope for a narrowing of the gap between the stodgy work on the stage of the Opéra and the wonderful dancing to be seen in the classrooms of the best Paris teachers.

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Handel

Continued from page 41

but Handel revived it later. It is consistently one of his most engaging and beautiful creations. In the admirable Oiseau-Lyre performance, The Saint Anthony Singers and The New Symphony Orchestra of London, with Thurston Dart, harpsichordist, are conducted by Anthony Lewis, much more decisive here than in "Sosarme." The soloists are William Herbert (Jupiter), George Prangnell (Cadmus, Ging of Thebes), John Whitworth (counter-tenor, in the soprano role of Athamas, Prince of Boeotia), George James (Somnus), Robert Ellis (Apollo), Anna Pollak (Juno), Brenda Griffith (Iris), Jennifer Vyvyan (Semele, Cadmus' daughter), and Helen Watts (Ino, Semele's sister).

The greatest strength of "Semele" resides in its dramatic and variously accompanied recitatives, an aspect of musical dramaturgy in which Handel has had no superiors. But, of course, its most renowned numbers are true arias and choruses. I am delighted to report that here they are sung with power and vocal beauty—Semele's "Endless pleasure, endless love" and "Oh sleep, why dost thou leave me," Jupiter's surpassing "Where'er you walk," Juno's "Somnus, arise," and the wonderful *alla hornpipe* chorus "Now Love that everlasting boy." Often recalling Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas" and Handel's own "Acis and Galatea," the fresh and lyric "Semele" constantly fountains musical inspiration. This mythological tale turns out worthy in every way of the composer of "Israel in Egypt," "Samson," and "Messiah."

While London and Oiseau-Lyre deserve all praise for having produced these integral recordings of two fine Handel works, no one deserves praise for the presentation and packaging. Neither album provides one word of information about the music it contains. Not here can the purchaser learn, when, to whose text, for what occasion, or to what success either "Sosarme" or "Semele" was composed. Congreve's name, that is to say, nowhere appears on the "Semele" set! While the texts are printed almost exactly as sung (and "Sosarme" is given in English translation as well), these are awkwardly placed on the interior record envelopes and continued, in the case of "Sosarme," even more awkwardly on large cardboard squares. Both casts include countertenors, but nothing whatever is said of this voice, still strange to most listeners, or of why it is introduced here.

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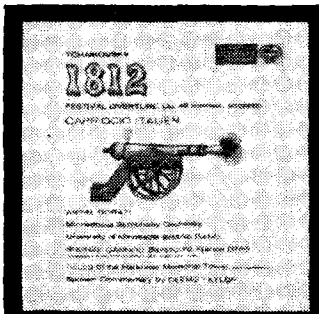

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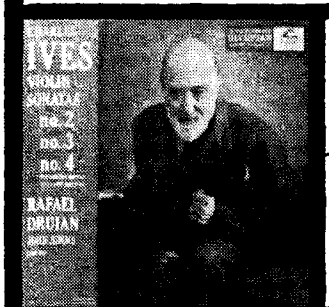

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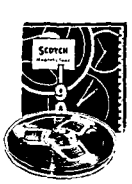

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THE AMEN CORNER

The Pacific Mood

FOR years, while hot music returned to favor and the swing cult spread, I used to wonder whether we had lost forever the grand romantic dance orchestras of the 1920s. There were several poignant groups with either a California or a Californesque flavor. I think particularly of Art Hickman, Abe Lyman, Gus Arnheim, Leo Reisman—and even Paul Whiteman could be said to have belonged when he wasn't too "symphonic." These bands were lyrical, relaxed, arrestingly tinted, and their rhythms were gently but certainly propulsive (real swing, ladies and gentlemen, even if it was devoid of a "hard, driving beat." I am considerably sick of the term "hard, driving beat," which is used today as if it were, perforce, one of the highest of musical encomiums).

In the swing period of the 1930s and 1940s the so-called "pop" numbers offered by the swing bands, as against their jazz specialties, were apt to be slickly packaged goods of little melodic appeal. The old romantic sweep, usually involving strings, had given way to mechanical brass-and-sax section work, and Tin Pan Alley and Hollywood ground out an incredible number of routine tunes.

Today I am happy to discover that many of the sophisticated younger jazz musicians are interested in writing and improvising not only in a subtle, but also in an altogether lyrical mood. In many quarters this amounts to an exciting reinvigoration of the romantic dance orchestra spirit. There are several cases in point this month:

The superb tenor saxophonist Al Cohn has backed himself with four trumpets, including the silvery sensitive Joe Newman. They play standards and originals scored by Cohn and Manny Albam, and the whole is floated by a rhythm section of Dick Katz, piano; Freddie Green, guitar; Osie Johnson, drums; and Buddy Jones, bass. Green is the fellow who since his early days with Count Basie, has given a new and delicate dimension to the word "strum." His elegant talent is symbolic of everything that happens in "The Jazz Workshop" (RCA Victor LPM-1161).

There are fine modern jazz men who like to work with strings. This procedure has often been disappointing, due to a cumbersome or cloying use of the fiddles. But the alto saxophonist Lennie Niehaus, at his lyric best, is handsomely supported by three violas and a cello in his "Vol. 4" (Contemporary C3510), the other experts including Bill Perkins, tenor sax; the late Bob Gordon, baritone sax; Stu Williamson, trumpet; Hampton Hawes, piano; Monty Budwig, bass; and Shelley Manne, drums. There are tunes by Kern, Rodgers, Niehaus and others, and it is all California neo-romanticism of a high order.

Four cellos and a rhythm section support alto saxophonist Hal McKusick in a program mostly of modern jazz originals called "In a Twentieth-Century Drawing Room" (RCA Victor LPM-1164). I quote from Ralph Berton's program notes on the jazz use of the cellos: "By rigorously avoiding the perilous dotted note, artfully alternating pizzicato passages with sustained 'choir' effects, and letting the *jazz* stringmen Barry Galbraith [guitar] and Milt Hinton [string bass] guide the rhythm in the ensembles, the arranger Manny Albam has managed to an amazing degree to keep the long hair from showing." I should say that the two foregoing albums make it clear that traditional string practices may be successful in jazz when 1) they do not interrupt the fluid buoyancy of the jazz rhythm, and 2) when the jazz expression, to begin with, has been conceived with the refinements of string tone in mind. Obviously, a barrelhouse jazz band can only use a barrelhouse fiddler.

To continue in the realm of refinement, there is a suave program by the guitarist Barney Kessel, "To Swing Or Not To Swing" (Contemporary C3513), whose dashing help include Harry Edison, trumpet; Georgie Auld, tenor sax; and Jimmy Rowles, piano. The sparkling piano and small band of Eddie Heywood are wonderfully represented in "Lightly and Politely" (Decca DL 8202). The syncopated games here between the piano and the band are iridescent.

This romantic spiel may well end with the rising young pianist Randy Weston, who, incidentally, stands six feet seven. A highly original and discreet improviser, he more and more takes on what I have called Californesque tints, and in "Get Happy" (Riverside RLP 12-203) it is a pleasure to hear him infuse them into a long program of lingering strains.

—WILDER HOBSON.

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THE OTHER SIDE

ALL'S FAIR, IN AUDIO

LONDON.

ONCE upon a time—or was it only yesterday?—the magic syllables "hi-fi" meant little, if anything, to the layman; to the audio fanatic they denoted, more often than not, the dubious pleasure of wide-range reproduction applied to records rarely fitted for such devastating scrutiny. Today "hi-fi" is a universal catch-phrase, applied indiscriminately to any record playing gadget, and, as though intent on finalising this reduction ad absurdum, a well-known transatlantic firm of cosmetics specialists is now advertising "hi-fi" make-up! No less encouraging and rather more significant from our point of view is the news that the Washington Hotel in Curzon Street, Mayfair, is to be the setting, on April 13 to 15, of London's first Audio Fair.

When reporting our annual BSRA exhibition each May, I have tended to describe it as the British equivalent of American Audio Fairs but, despite the ever increasing attendances of recent years, these gatherings were largely apt to be made up of "converts" and thus, perhaps, a trifle parochial in character. The Audio Fair will be organized by a committee representing manufacturers of high quality sound reproduction equipment and its aim is "to present high grade equipment of this type to the general public in a more effective manner than the National Radio Show, with its accent on domestic radio and television, can achieve." To this end there will be exhibition stands on the ground floor of the hotel and each exhibitor will also occupy a demonstration room on one of the upper floors. If, as seems more than likely, the Audio Fair proves a success, it will become an annual event in the London calendar.

After a few months of enforced abstinence, Decca has now come forward once again with an imposing list of new releases. It includes four complete operas—"The Flying Dutchman" (last summer's Bayreuth production, with Uhde in the title-rôle, Varnay as Senta, Weber as Daland and conducted by Keilberth), "Eugene Onegin" (Belgrade National Opera), "L'Elisir d'Amore" (Gueden, di Stefano, Capecchi and Corena) and "La Favorita" (Simionato, Poggi, Bastianini and Hines), all of which I hope to discuss next month in addition to a varied selection of single discs. Pleasing orchestral fare of the lighter variety, served up in the best FFRR tradition, is represented by Tchaikovsky's Suite No. 3 in G, as well as the Strauss-Désormière ballet score, "Le Beau Danube," coupled with Rossini's "William Tell" Ballet Music (Martinon and the London Philharmonic), and delightful performances of Massenet's "Scènes Pittoresques" and "Scènes Alsaciennes" from the Conservatoire Orchestra under Albert Wolff.

Such classics as there are fare rather less well—the only interesting feature of a disc devoted to plodding and lifeless accounts of Mozart's 34th and "Prague" symphonies (Boehm and the Vienna Philharmonic) is the inclusion of the Menuetto, K. 409, which Mozart added to the C major Symphony as an afterthought, but contemporary music, as so often with this company, is admirably served. Ansermet conducted the Paris première, in May 1927, of Stravinsky's

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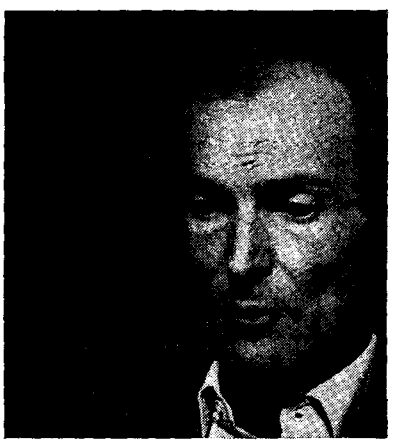

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opera-oratorio, "Oedipus Rex" and his new recording of this fine piece of "musical sculpture" (which is how the composer has described the work) fully maintains the extraordinarily high standard of his earlier contributions to the Stravinsky repertoire. If, despite this, I am inclined to prefer the composer's own Philips/Columbia version issued last summer, this is in some degree due to the presence, as narrator, of Jean Cocteau, but mainly because Decca's vocal team (Hélène Bouvier, Ernst Haefliger, Hugues Cuenod, James Loomis and André Vessières), good as it is, proves no match for Philips's cast with its outstanding Oedipus in Peter Pears. Pears also appears on Decca this month with a new version of Britten's "Michelangelo Sonnets," a comparatively early work with which the now world-famous team of Pears and Britten made its recording debut at the height of World War II, and one that clearly shows the emergence of the composer's mature vocal style. The Sonnets are here coupled with "Winter Words," a cycle of eight settings of poems by Thomas Hardy.

Another LP "first," no less welcome in its way than the Britten disc, is the Violin Concerto (1951) by Frank Martin, most distinguished of living Swiss composers. This is a highly attractive work in which material that is not, in itself, particularly striking, is handled with the utmost delicacy and deftness. The concerto is beautifully played by Wolfgang Schneiderhan and the Suisse Romande under Ansermet; Decca's recording allows us to hear every detail of Martin's subtle orchestration.

EMI's February list contains two operatic sets, RCA Victor's admirable "Manon Lescaut" with Albanese, Björling, and Merrill, recorded in Rome, and "Rigoletto," the latest product of Columbia-Angel's great La Scala series. Unfortunately the latter has not yet emerged from Hayes, but with Gobbi as the Jester, di Stefano as the Duke, Callas as Gilda, and directed by Serafin, it can hardly fail to be a performance of interest.

Other Columbia issues include the Mozart song recital by Schwarzkopf and Gieseking, part of which appeared in stereosonic form last October, and a pair of discs by Karajan and the Philharmonia. Beethoven's 2nd Symphony, which appears together with the Coriolan Overture, receives a characteristically smooth, well-judged performance while the other disc, entitled "Ballet Music from the Operas," contains superbly played selections from "Aida," "Khovanchina," "Prince Igor," "La Gioconda" and "Tannhäuser."

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

Paradox in Blue

Continued from page 37

name from Jacob to George) was never really poverty-stricken. The father changed business frequently, but not always without profit. George could have gone to college and become a lawyer or an accountant, had it been his disposition. The influence toward music provided by Maxie Rosenzweig (celebrated later as the violinist Max Rosen) is given due prominence.

All this, plus the gradual steps that led Gershwin into the songplugging business, and from there to rehearsal pianist, occasional composer, and finally formulator of the hit "Swanee," is set forth in abundant detail. The interaction of happenings. out of this background, which projected him into the orbit of Paul Whiteman and the plans for an Aeolian Hall concert (which resulted in "Rhapsody in Blue") are also minutely set forth.

There are also a largish assemblage of anecdotes about the man Gershwin, the aura of adulation in which he moved, the central sun he became for a host of surrounding satellites. He was also, as Ewen suggests, a favorite son in a family of others, as attested on an occasion when father Gershwin identified, to a stranger, a figure at a party as "Mrs. Gershwin—you know, George's mother . . . she's also Ira's mother." Some of these are informative and all of them are entertaining. What is lacking, however, is a sense of man seen whole as well as admiringly.

In his pioneer volume ("George Gershwin, A Study in American Music," Simon and Schuster, 1931) Isaac Goldberg surrounded the evanescent and still developing Gershwin rather more than Ewen has. In his bibliography Ewen describes that book as "written while Gershwin was still alive, and with his best work still to come." While agreeing that the subsequent "Porgy and Bess" is, in many ways, Gershwin's "best work," this does not diminish the real ways in which Goldberg's study is revealing.

Perhaps what is fundamentally disturbing about Ewen's view of Gershin, at this point, is the repeated references to him as a "composer of jazz," one who made jazz respectable, who—in Walter Damrosch's too pithy phrase—"took jazz out of the kitchen." It is painful to repeat it again, but the notion of Gershwin as a composer of jazz is essentially false. He was an enormously gifted man who wrote any number of fine popular songs utilizing the jazz vocabulary. The "Rhapsody," the Concerto, "An American in Paris,"

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and "Porgy" are compounded out of that vocabulary. But "I Got Rhythm" only becomes *jazz* when it is played by a master of that idiom, with his own inflections and embellishments. Gershwin certainly had a marvelous ear for reporting, in highly sensitive terms, the melodic and rhythmic idiom of his time, amplified by a harmonic flavor all his own, but true jazz remains a player's not a composer's function.

It was, essentially, Gershwin's function to occupy a middle ground (what Abram Chasins notes, in his article, as a piercing of the curtain separating concert hall and popular music) between formal and informal music (rather than "classical" and "popular"). A number of the consequential figures in American music since are those who have contributed further to strengthening and extending Gershwin's bridge-head—Benny Goodman, Oscar Levant, Leonard Bernstein, Morton Gould, Marc Blitzsten, Kurt Weill, Gian Carlo Menotti, and in some ways Aaron Copland. It is, to my mind, in this direction that the evolution of a true American music lies. We do not require super-Gershwins—merely half a dozen more with his gifts, his willingness to be himself while striving always to find out more about what was, really, himself.

EWEN'S perception about such matters is not very profound, and he extends his attention too little to make a correlation between what was being written by Gershwin and by others at a particular time. There are allusions to the counterpulls in Gershwin's nature, but not a satisfactory definition of them. He never fails to mention the price-tag on a work or contract, as if this, of itself, made it important. "Porgy" is eventually described as "a grand opera" (Gershwin specifically thought of it as a folk opera) as if this made it, somehow, as good as "Aida"—in many ways it is much more alive as it is different. With the hero lingering in *extremis*, Ewen takes time out to identify the physician, Dr. Gabriel Segall, as "Garbo's doctor." Perhaps these are just the ways Gershwin would have thought of these happenings, the values he would have attached to them. But it is a biographer's function to assess, not merely endorse, the impulses of his subject.

The notion that there was a "Journey to Greatness" is attractive, but the fact is that Gershwin achieved *his* kind of greatness in "Swanee," "Stairway to Paradise," and "Do It Again," which made him both rich and famous. What followed was less a journey than a quest, a search for identity, a search for relationship to a whole world of music to which his talent—some will call it genius—admitted him, though his technical qualifications did not. The enduring paradox of Gershwin for me is that he made this talent do things for me that those of greater technique could never accomplish; that his ideas have come to loom larger as time passes because he never, really, dared to spoil their freshness with too much heavy thinking, much as he was tempted.

What Ewen has accomplished in "Journey to Greatness" is less a definition of Gershwin than the exposition of a lot of things about him. Sometimes he is critical and justly so, but not often enough. It is rewarding to see the influence of Ira set forth in detail, if it is dismal to see an essentially fond remark of Oscar Levant described in terms of "acid." A "Journey to Greatness" has added much to the sum of knowledge about Gershwin, but not very much to a comprehension of him.

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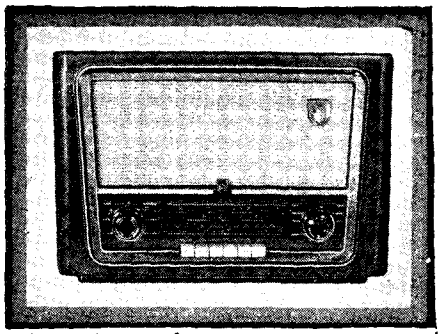

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Salzburg's Mozart

Continued from page 44

meneo," then "Idomeneo" as Mozart wrote it or not at all. The joy of the evening was the superb playing of the Vienna Philharmonic under Karl Böhm, and the striking settings by Caspar Neher, a clever mixture of antique and baroque.

Paumgartner conducted "La finta semplice," which he also arranged and translated into German. In this case, the arrangement seemed tasteful, and apart from the recitatives (which appear to have been, at least in part, composed by Paumgartner) and the (perhaps justified) omission of several arias, we appear to have heard the music substantially as Mozart wrote it. Two good features: a harpsichord continup used throughout, also in the orchestral passages, which is historically correct and musically often necessary (*e.g.*, in bars where the harmony is not filled out); and secondly, the proper execution of the appoggiature, the third drops which must be altered to seconds (*i.e.*, *e-c-c* becomes *e-d-c*). The cast was made up almost exclusively of young singers, an idea which has its merits; but some of the press thought that it would have been better to perform the opera with (let us say) Seefried, Schwarzkopf, Dermota, Patzak, and Erich Kunz. Perhaps; but there was a fresh quality in the performance which suited the youthful score. The opera, incidentally, is not merely an historical curiosity: there are passages of real musical and dramatic interest, particularly the construction of the finales, which clearly point to mature Mozart, and an enchanting "pantomime" scene. One thing did emerge: Mozart's natural ability for the stage, his facility, even at the age of twelve, to make his characters alive and human. American readers will soon have a chance to hear this work, which was recorded by Philips (in Italian) following the performance.

There are to be several elaborate Mozart festivals throughout Europe this year: that of the German Mozart Society at Würzburg (June), of the Vienna Festival (also June), and, of course, the Summer Festival at Salzburg, which will be almost entirely devoted to Mozart this season. Although certainly not on the grand scale of events later in the bicentenary, the January Salzburg ceremonies will remain one of the happiest occasions of 1956, and one which those who were privileged to witness it will remember with pleasure for a long time.

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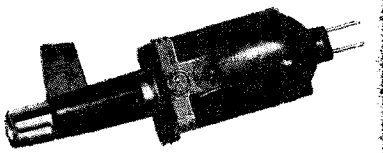

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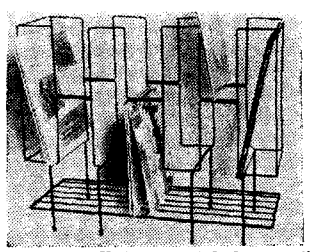

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Music to My Ears

Continued from page 28

authority) but he could not even suggest the low A at the end of the same act. So far his dramatic concept is appealing rather than convincing: he will have to live with the part a while before he can be more fully judged.

The singers, altogether, profited by the light, impelling direction of Kempe, whose list of Metropolitan successes is now beginning to assume imposing lengths. His strings sang smoothly, and the woodwinds choired in tune. A dash more rhythmic zest would help. It is good news that Miss Stevens has regained her vocal touch, for her Octavian is a lovable conception which does her proud. Miss Gueden's Sophie is a dream of vocal suavity, her acting also appealing, if a little too forceful for the supposedly naive young girl. Ralph Herbert was a new and effective Faninal, Martha Lipton, Thelma Votipka, *et al.* not new, but also effective.

Herbert Graf's staging of the first act returned to first principles by presenting the Marschallin in bed, Octavian kneeling beside her. Much of the subsequent detail had also been pointed up, though the invitation-to-action presented by a rather unsightly staircase at the rear of the second act set found Graf all too willing to be tempted. On the whole, however, this is a "Rosenkavalier" of much present quality, and even greater possibilities for the future.

JASCHA HEIFETZ was, understandably, on his mettle when he appeared recently with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra directed by Dimitri Mitropoulos. It is years since so much has been made of the violin and violin-playing as has been this winter. When he had completed his performance of the Beethoven concerto at the Sunday broadcast (I missed the performance earlier in the week) there was no question that he was "winner, and still champion" violinist. I regret, however, that it was Beethoven that served as the sparring partner, because the tempos throughout were overfast, a "dramatic" mood was set up that is not, really, in the nature of the first movement, and the total scale of the work was overdrawn. The old repose and serenity were occasionally evident in the Larghetto —more of an andantino—but too seldom elsewhere. At the same time, the way he scampered through the cadenzas (the first by Auer, the others by Joachim, revised by Heifetz) left no doubt whose fingers have the strongest sense of direction. —I. K.

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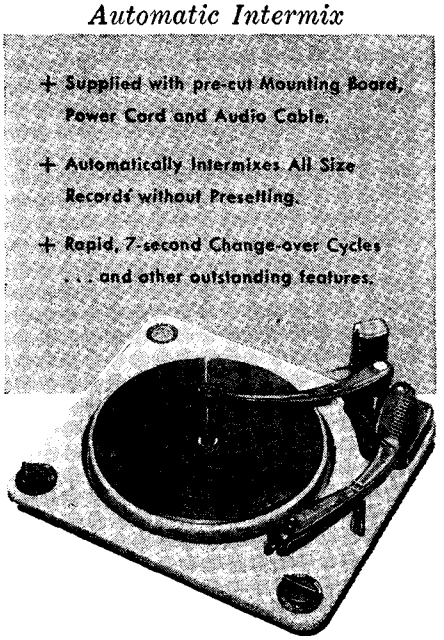
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Gershwin

Continued from page 39

their more inspired. Gershwin managed miraculously to keep his creative virtues separated from his technical defects. It is easy to see that his works for piano and orchestra are especially diffuse and constricted. It is easy to see that his greatest ideas remain undeveloped, repeated in sequence, vitiated in rigid recapitulations, or blown up in afflated grandiosity. What is less easy to see is the precise reason for the inevitable and total triumph achieved through a series of loosely connected epigrams. For even the most scintillating epigrams cannot produce a large-form musical architecture any more than they can produce a play or a novel. Yet, drat this Gershwin—the felicitous rhythms, the lovely tunes, the humorous embroidery are a heady mixture. And no one else has felt or written quite that way. Perhaps that resolves some of the paradox.

Gershwin's pianistic ability was a heredity itself, a form of habit so utterly natural that any conscious interference with it at his stage of the game would have been a great mistake. I recall that early in the Thirties he was scheduled to play his "Rhapsody" and "Concerto" at the Stadium. We hadn't met for several years. He came up one summer afternoon, sat down at the piano, and began to practice Czerny studies. I couldn't recognize his playing, his old, own unique approach to the keyboard. Stopping him, I asked if he had ever heard of the unfortunate centipede who lay perspiring in a ditch, paralyzed because a malicious snail innocently asked him which leg he put down first. "George," I said, "You don't have to prepare to play the Beethoven concertos. Just 'Do Do Do What You Done Done Done Before, Baby,' and let your subconscious do it." "You know," he said after a minute of thoughtful silence, "you're right. Now I know what's been happening to my playing."

I am now wondering whether it already happened when he recorded the "Rhapsody" with Whiteman, reissued by Victor (LPT 29). I recently heard it and it just about broke my heart. Gone is the youthful ease, the rhythmic bite, the sensitive songfulness. George sounds constrained and bored. I much prefer to think that he was just bored: that despite his reputation for egocentricity, his famed enthusiasm for his own music was not inexhaustible. Whiteman's orchestra sounds equally full of ennui and devoid of fervor. The piece itself

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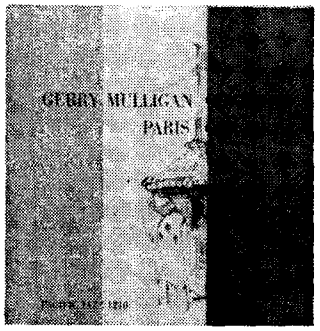

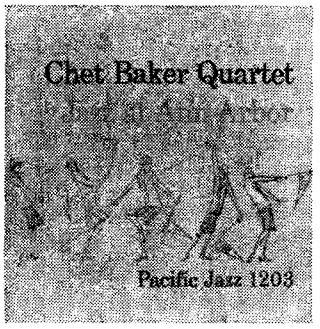

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Many pianists have found it essential to have either the "Rhapsody" or the "Concerto" or both in their repertories. Recordings, particularly of the "Rhapsody," are not scarce. Oscar Levant is heard in the "Rhapsody" with Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra, and in the "Concerto" with Kostelanetz and the N. Y. Philharmonic on Columbia (CL 700). Stylistically, Levant is entirely in the groove. Pianistically, he hammers his way through these works with a certain emotional immobility and a surprising lack of rhythmic accuracy. Ormandy's orchestra sounds wonderful, whereas Kostelanetz's has a tough time handling the tricky meters.

Morton Gould's recordings of both works on Victor (LM 6033) features this versatile musician as soloist and conductor. Gould has the sustained expressive power and coloristic variety, but not quite the virtuosic sweep of a performing pianist. Nevertheless, his artistic guidance of the orchestral proceedings shows a finely cultivated musical sense, a taste, musicianship, and sophistication. He even succeeds in concealing some of the glaring ineptitudes of the instrumentation.

SONDRA Bianca on M-G-M (E3237), and Julius Katchen on London (LL 1262), also perform both works, while Byron Janis on Victor Bluebird (LBC 1045) and Leonard Pennario on Capitol (P 303) are heard in the "Rhapsody." These four American pianists, in varying degrees, are all products of a contemporary school of pianism more brilliant than imaginative. Their extraordinary adroitness is matched by their emotional modesty. Here, it is damaging, for no music needs more "give," more flow and breadth than

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compositions of an episodic and rhapsodic nature. It also needs an improvisational freedom within a basic rhythmic impetus which is so lacking in our current crop of skilful young artists. Theirs is a stop-go rubato, ruinous to Chopin and fatal to Gershwin. It is startling that such essentially American pieces are not their pieces. Not even their kind of pieces.

To be more specific, the crux of Gershwin's style is rhythmic romanticism. This means that his music demands elements which have long been scarce on the concert stage—melodic effulgence, harmonic intensity and non-metrical pulsation. Equally, because a long-line continuity does not permeate the works themselves, an architectural perspective is needed to dissemble Gershwin's sectionalized structures. It is a perspective far more common to composers than to performers. Gershwin had it to a tremendous degree. His playing, when he was in the mood, was hypnotic and no more to be described than imitated. It is nowhere available on records in that vein. But ask those who heard him in the living room and they will affirm that his playing compelled one to take his works for what they were. One never gave a thought to what they were not. Levant and Gould often bring that particular quality of conviction to their performances. They know what these pieces are about, despite their instrumental limitations.

When all is said and done, Gershwin remains a vital creator. His is a spirit. Its precious substance is inspiration. His style is improvisation, with all its merits and demerits. He speaks an eclectic language, yet he expresses everything his way and directly to his fellow men. His work is significant to history because it carries the musical expression of his environment with such force and accuracy as to explain itself to future as well as foreign audiences. Vital works of art always carry such evidence, no matter how much they may lack the divine completeness of perfect masterpieces. Let us hope they soon find their destined interpreter.

No American composer of concert music ever influenced American life as directly as our popular composers or our novelists or playwrights. None until Gershwin. It may finally be seen to be his greatest contribution.

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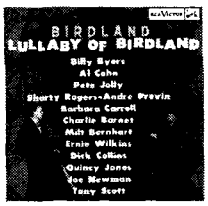

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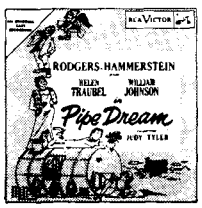

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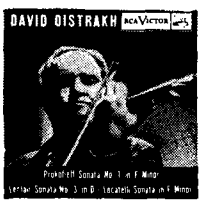

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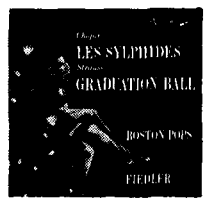

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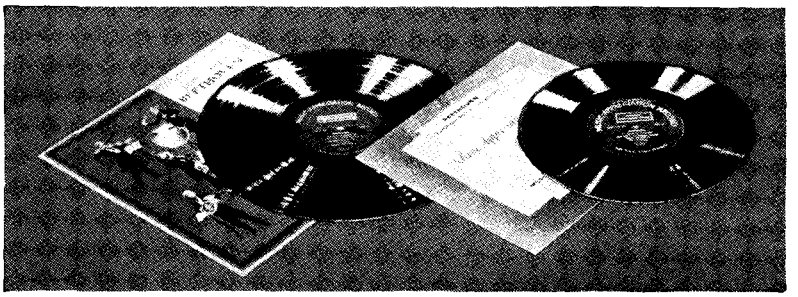

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